Oscillations
VOL 8
CKANM
Hello
my name is
A Stream of Consciousness Zine
Ask me about
KANM STUDENT RADIO :)
ATM
HUM
I ♥ 106.7
FALL 2025
FREE SPEECH
CKANM
KANM
Slowdive
CKANM
Sabrina '25

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ESSAYS:

TRUST ME, I'M A PSYCH MAJOR – SUBMITTED BY JULIAN, DESIGNED BY ELLA RYDELL

LA RECETA QUE HA DESTRUIDO NUESTRO PALADAR MUSICAL – SUBMITTED BY NATALIA, DESIGNED BY JAMES F

WHY YOU SHOULD LOVE FOURIER TRANSFORMERS – SUBMITTED BY JACK BOLLENBACHER, DESIGNED BY NEEMA

HARVESTING IN OCTOBER – SUBMITTED BY ELADIO, DESIGNED BY BRUNO S

MODERNITY HAS FAILED US! – SUBMITTED BY GRACE MOLNARI, DESIGNED BY SOPHIA ARORA

I DON'T KNOW A FIG ABOUT MY SICKNESS – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY IRIS ALVIAR

ZIAD RAHBANI: JAZZ, POLITICS, AND THE PULSE OF MODERN ARAB MUSIC – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY SARAH K :3

POETRY:

SPIRARE – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY ISHANI PANDEY

ABSURDISMOS MEXICANOS: DICHOS FAMILIARES – SUBMITTED BY NATALIA, DESIGNED BY CHELSIA CHE

ABSURDISMOS MEXICANOS: CALAVERAS LITERARIAS – SUBMITTED BY NATALIA, DESIGNED BY CRISTIAN LOPEZ

PATTERNS – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY RODrigo

ESCAPING HER CARAPACE – SUBMITTED BY IRIS ALVIAR, DESIGNED BY LIZZIE CREIGHTON

ART:

BARTON SPRINGS – SUBMITTED BY EZZAH ZAHEER, DESIGNED BY HANNAH McCORMACK

WATER NYMPH – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY SAM COWLISHAW

WE ALL TASTE THE SAME – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY SAM COWLISHAW

THE CREATURE – SUBMITTED BY MADISON H, DESIGNED BY POOJITHA M

KANM "AFRIT AF KOSSI" – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY HAIDON SILLS

FANGIRL RELAPSE REVOLUTION – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY MARIEL SALOMON | @SPOONBLOOM

WDYWT: PURPLE/GREEN VIRUS – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY MARIEL SALOMON | @SPOONBLOOM

KANMCORE BINGO – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY MARIEL SALOMON | @SPOONBLOOM

TEMPERANCE – SUBMITTED BY S. STOWELL, DESIGNED BY EMILY HAYGOOD

NONCYBERSIGILISM – SUBMITTED BY IRIS ALVIAR, DESIGNED BY CHARISSA

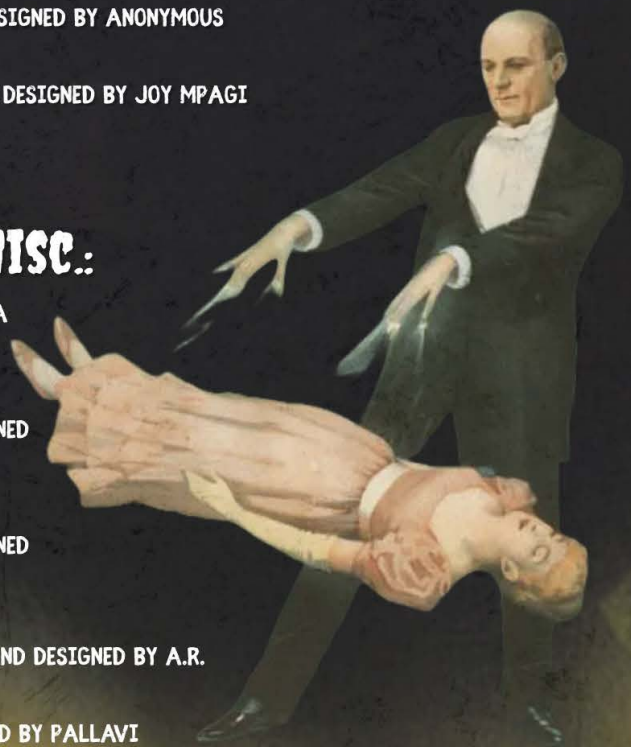
THE SHOW EVER ART – SUBMITTED BY ALONDRA AGUNDIS, DESIGNED BY HANNAH McCORMACK

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS ALEX G? – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY ANONYMOUS

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF COWJOY – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY JOY MPAGI

I<3MMR – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY SELENA COSINO

QUIZZES / INFOGRAPHIC / MISC.:



SALSA WITH CHIPS & SALSA – SUBMITTED BY JIMENA GARCIA, DESIGNED BY LILIANA

A COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY MATTHEW ELIZALDE

DID I DRAW YOUR EVIL EX? – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY ARAMIS MORENO

WHAT MAJOR YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN IN – SUBMITTED AND DESIGNED BY A.R.

AN AGGIE CROSSWORD – SUBMITTED BY A.R., DESIGNED BY PALLAVI BHARDWAJ

KANM:

SAVE THE MUSIC SPRING 2025 – DESIGNED BY SHOLA ADESAKIN

KANM FAVORITE ARTISTS – DESIGNED BY SELENA COSINO

Notes

File Edit Search Help

ABOUT THIS ZINE:

Hello World. What you are about to witness is the EIGHTH volume of Oscillations, KANM's very own stream of consciousness zine. As a decrepit, elderly ziner, the changes that have gone on within KANM in recent years are shocking: We are now seconds away from crashing on to Bryan/College Stations airways as 106.7 KAGZ-LP, our brand new frequency. We have the privilege of reporting from Kyle field. We've seen our membership skyrocket. To add to that pile of accomplishments, this volume of Oscillations is our biggest zine to date! The zine is very important to me, and I feel as if I've grown up in KANM alongside it. As always, this zine aims to remove as many barriers as possible for our creators and designers to share their unfiltered work with the world. We have no restrictions on style, font, color, or content. Everything you are about to read is a raw reflection of KANM's spirit. The fact that we're on volume 8 makes me feel both incredibly proud and like an old fart. Now more than ever, freedom of speech and expression (especially at this university) are not something we can take for granted.

The communities we build are the strongest tools we have in uplifting others in difficult times like these. KANM and the zine have always been a home for me, and whether you're a KANMer or not, I hope this zine reflects the haven of acceptance our humble station serves as. The future can be scary, but take a load off and enjoy our collections of original art, essays, photos, quizzes, poems, and more. Without further ado, please enjoy Oscillations, volume 8.

-Hannah McCormack, 26

Notes

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SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING (IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER):

Abby Reichbach, Sam Noll, NAZ ✲, Ella Rydell, James F, neema, Bruno S, Sophia Arora, Chelsia Che, Cristian Lopez, Lizzie Creighton, Poojitha M, Emily Haygood, Charissa, Liliana, Pallavi Bhardwaj, Shola Adesakin, Nayab Warach, Julian, Jack Bollenbacher, Eladio, Grace Molnari, Sarah K :3, Ishani Pandey, Natalia, RODrigo, Ezzah Zaheer, Sam Cowlishaw, Madison H, Haidon Sills, Mariel Salomon | @spoonbloom, S. Stowell, Iris Alviar, Alondra Agundis, anonymous, Joy Mpagi, Selena Cosino, Jimena Garcia, Matthew Elizalde, Aramis Moreno, A.R., KANM's Advisors, KANM's Officer Team, and KANM's DJs and General Members.

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LETTER FROM THE STATION MANAGER: LPFM ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Dear Reader,

2025 is a scary time for radio. Public media funding has vanished. Colleges everywhere are selling off their frequencies to the highest bidder. When it's financially or politically convenient, student-run stations are always the first to go.

Yet, KANM thrives. By the time you're reading this, I'll be installing and testing the transmitter for our brand-new FM signal: 106.7 KAGZ-LP. When you return from winter break, you'll be able to tune in and hear KANM across Bryan-College Station, over the air.

Why? I'd love to say it's because we have a great general manager. Maybe it's because Texas A&M decided to support us (well, somewhat). But what really makes KANM different?

You.

KANM's programming is unlike anything else. We're one of only three truly independent stations in the area and the only one where every show is locally originated (that's a fancy radio-nerd way of saying: every DJ you hear is from right here). The culture you build, the warmth of the safe space you create for alternative people at A&M, radiates through everything we do. Like this Zine.

There are so many people who helped us get here. Administrators, engineers, consultants, and KANM officers. You'll find their names below. But don't lose sight of the fact that you, the listener, the member, the DJ, made this possible.

Thank you and long live college radio!

Nayab Warach

Station Manager, KANM Student Radio

Notes

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SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING:

Eren Rudd, Sofia "Wynn" Wynn, Charlie Hubenak, Nayab Warach, KANM Officers (Past, Present, Future), Dr. William Connor, Dr. Matthew Campbell, Jessica Havens, Dr. Hart Blanton, Spencer O'Daniel, Wayne Pecena, Kelly Brown, KAMU Public Broadcasting, The College of Performance, Visualization, and Fine Arts, The Department of Communication & Journalism, Lance Parr, Cary Tepper, Todd Urick, Bruce Bellamy, and Joey Boothe.

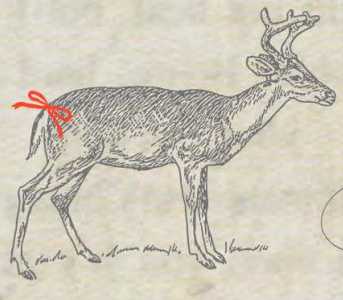
Tune in @ kanm.tamu.edu

KANM – SHOW SCHEDULE

x	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THRUS	FRI	SAT
12 AM	UNTITLED NAYAB PROJECT	CONTEMPORARY STILLNESS	–	–	Uneven Compromise	SMOOTH TP	–
8 AM	WHEN IN ROME	SOUL LOUNGE	COMFORT PREDICTED	–	INTERSTELLAR	–	–
9 AM	Pink Thought	THE MOONTOWER	Nice To Mysha	CATARINA	Rock n' Rewind	–	WAVEFORM
10 AM	Y2KATIE	In the Mood for Loveless	RANGER RADIO	The Wordless Hour: The World of Instrumental Music	CHIPS & SALSA	PS3 SCHOOL SONGS	SQUAWK!
11 AM	THE BOARD IS TRYING TO SILENCE ME	SOPHIOLOGY	AVANTGARDEN	JUDEBUG	Inner Speaker	Everbloom	ARCHITECTURAL INDIGESTION
12 PM	THAT'S THE BIT	MOOD RING	DREAM SEQUENCE	BAD SPORTS*	80-99	DAD'S GARAGE	COWBOYS AND DINOSAURS
1 PM	glaze	SABOTAGE	Echoes from my shower	SAMBA 22	THE UNDERGROUND HOUR	HOOT N HOLLER	JUAN AT ONE
2 PM	CLUBS THAT DON'T EXIST ANYMORE	SEDTALKS	THE SHOW EVER	HOWDY COWJOY	The Rose Garden	Music, Fashion, Money, Food, Peace, Love, Friendship, Unity, Clothes	NINETY-EIGHT PERCENTERS
3 PM	HUG TIME	one more time, i lost it	POV	HOW DO YOU	THE HOUSE HOUSE	TRES LECHES	MADELAINE
4 PM	CIRCUITBOARD	Closed Minded	BRIEF HISTORY	THE H-MACK VARIETY HOUR	FABULOSO	HOUSEBOAT	DISSECT N' GROOVE
5 PM	EAR INFECTION	INDIE SLEAZE HOUR	ONEINEMILYON	I SAW THE RADIO GLOW	TESSECCATION SYSTEM	SOUL CIRCUIT	RIO MARIGOLD
6 PM	DAZED AND CONFUSED	MELANCOOLIA	TAKE OVER THE WORLD CLUB	BURGER OCEAN/BURGER IN LOVE	HOWDY DOODY TIME	BOX AND ROOT	CSTAT CENTRAL
7 PM	DJS FOR HIRE	SPECTRA	E.A.T.S.	CAS' CORNER	MIK'S CONNECTIONS	I LOVE MY MOM RADIO	EXSTATIC
8 PM	CHANNEL J	Nepenthe	SADFM	PICKLEBALL SCHOLARSHIP	SPORECAST: CSTAT'S PSYCHEDELIC SOUND	Brazos Valley Nights	TOKYO NIGHTS! A CRUISE THROUGH JAPAN
9 PM	KAT'S 9 LIVES	PERFECT SHOW	WORLDWIDE YAPPERS	JACK'S GUIDE TO METAL	SNACK BREAKS	REV REPLAY	THE CAVE
10 PM	THE LONESOME FREQUENCY	MOONFLOWER	TEN INCH NAILS	I Hate Mondays	Noctambulist	HEY, DID YOU KNOW?	SECOND IMPACT
11 PM	TRANSMITTING TONIGHT	STINK	VAANI'S FUNKY TUNES	GRADIENTS OF GRAY	Trainspotting	The Covelady and Renteria Hour	–

Trust me, I'm a psych major

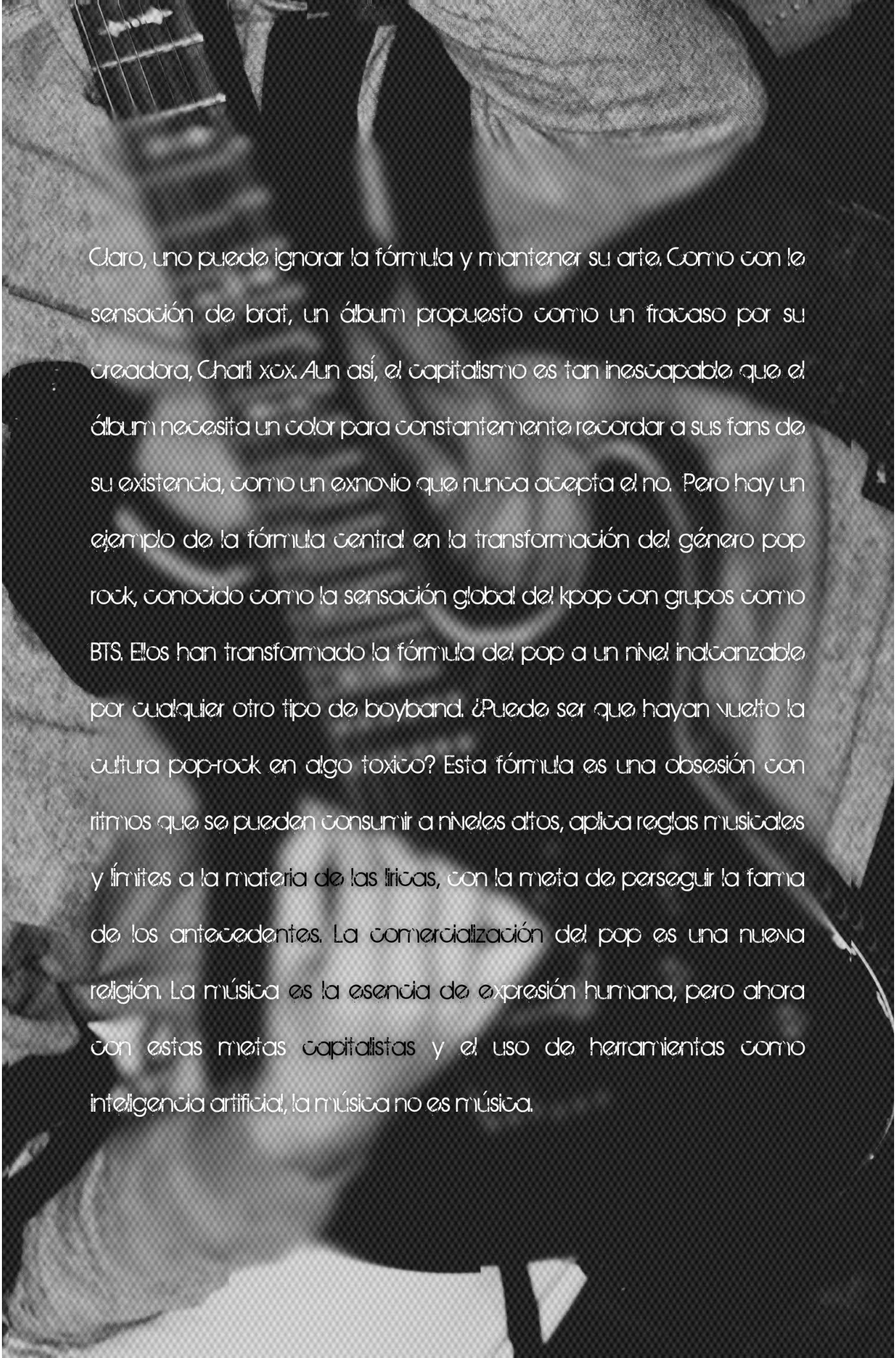
1. Slow down! Look around, look at the place you're at, the people around you, the weather. Take it in and appreciate it, even if it's just for a second.
2. Take a breath, it's okay.
3. You deserve to be where you are; you worked hard to be here.
4. Don't belittle your accomplishments; you are doing great!
5. Be proud of yourself
6. Give yourself a break, you deserve it!
7. It will get better, time will pass, and soon it will just be a memory.
8. Time might not heal, but it will strengthen you in ways unimaginable.
9. Being hard on yourself won't change anything; your actions will.
10. Talking about your accomplishments isn't bragging if they really care.
11. Let the sun smile upon you.
12. It's okay to cry, to really let your emotions out and really FEEL your emotions.



LA RECETA QUE HA DESTRUIDO NUESTRO PALADAR MUSICAL

a surface-level opinion essay on how
capitalism has killed the pop rock genre

El alma del pop rock vive en la memoria de un grupo de músicos británicos. Nadie debe de discutir el impacto musical de los Beatles, cómo transformaron el rock en 1955. Pero no solo cambiaron la popularidad del género, sino crearon una industria totalmente diferente. Gracias al éxito de ese grupo britpop, el mundo ha pedido más y la industria ha crecido hasta ser un monstro de imitación que mata la expresión característica que el rock anteriormente presentaba. Un instrumento clave del consumismo, la maquina detrás del pop rock sólo persigue el dinero, es el uso de una formula. Este es un tipo de algoritmo que toda canción "pop" debe incluir. Un balance de qué tan bailable y pegajoso (y ahora con TikTok, viral) debe de ser una canción para llegar a la radio y sobresalir en ventas. La música pop rock se ha transformado en su antítesis.



Claro, uno puede ignorar la fórmula y mantener su arte. Como con la sensación de brat, un álbum propuesto como un fracaso por su creadora, Charli xcx. Aun así, el capitalismo es tan inescapable que el álbum necesita un color para constantemente recordar a sus fans de su existencia, como un exnovio que nunca acepta el no. Pero hay un ejemplo de la fórmula central en la transformación del género pop rock, conocido como la sensación global del kpop con grupos como BTS. Ellos han transformado la fórmula del pop a un nivel inalcanzable por cualquier otro tipo de boyband. ¿Puede ser que hayan vuelto la cultura pop-rock en algo toxico? Esta fórmula es una obsesión con ritmos que se pueden consumir a niveles altos, aplica reglas musicales y límites a la materia de las liricas, con la meta de perseguir la fama de los antecedentes. La comercialización del pop es una nueva religión. La música es la esencia de expresión humana, pero ahora con estas metas capitalistas y el uso de herramientas como inteligencia artificial, la música no es música.

El pop rock ha muerto, ahora es un medio de empujar la superficialidad en vez de la rebelión. No es culpa de los artistas contemporáneos, ellos son un eslabón en la cadena de las disqueras, dándole al público la impresión que su arte cambia el mundo. Esencialmente, si la disquera usa esta fórmula musical para garantizar ventas, pueden depender en viniéndole al mercado la imagen del artista. Anteriormente, la moda que reflejaba el pop del momento era una protesta, como la de los hippies de Woodstock que famosamente peleaban contra la guerra de Vietnam. La sociedad ya no está en la época de Grateful Dead, ha salido de moda ese nivel de activismo del movimiento anti-guerra. Ahora la música pop existe sólo para imitar empatía y acelerar consumismo, principalmente con manipulación de los jóvenes. Símbolos de sufrimiento han perdido todo su valor. La cultura del género ofrece altruismo reempaquetado para las masas.

Por ejemplo, en los últimos cuatro años, se ha notado un renacimiento de la marca del grupo Nirvana. Sudaderas y gorras de colores brillantes (colores que Kurt Cobain jamás usaría) con el nombre y la carilla feliz que el grupo usaba han surgido en popularidad gracias a corporaciones como Urban Outfitters. El hecho de que este concepto, prestado de un grupo de música alternativa, se ha ya convertido en una estética comercial, me hace preguntar, ¿aún existe el género? Si el rock es pop y lo alternativo se ha vuelto popular, la base de cada tipo de música y expresión genuina esta diluyéndose. Adolescentes usan el dolor de Kurt Cobain para su atuendo, olvidando la humanidad que el cantaba en su música.

La fórmula de la industria musical ha sobrepasado la venta de grabaciones. El consumismo de la música pop rock ha intoxicado a la sociedad, antes obsesionados al nivel de beatlemanía, ahora obsesionados por la influencia que el género le ha dejado. Un ejemplo histórico discutido por la revista Vox, es que "A medida que se desarrollaron el poder adquisitivo y las opciones de los estadounidenses, también lo hicieron los temas materialistas en el pop. Los Blue Suede Shoes de 1956 de Elvis... dieron paso a himnos irónicos de la época como Material Girl de Madonna de 1984" (Gaillot). La pandemia de la influencia es tan ferviente que no se sabe cuál es la esencia humana del pop-rock. En este clima, el fan moderno no se siente validado dentro del género si no tienen tal mercancía o conocen tal baile. Existe una filosofía que, si uno no gasta, no merece disfrutar de la música. En su inicio, el rock unía a la sociedad, bajo un sentimiento común. Me atrevo a decir que ahora divide. A través del capitalismo, el género a normalizado la estandarización tanto que ya no existe y temo que nunca regresará.

Gaillot, Ann-Derrick. "Pop Music Sold Us on Consumerism, One Single at a Time." Vox, 21 July 2021, www.vox.com/the-goods/22585138/pop-music-consumerism.

WHY YOU SHOULD LOVE FOURIER TRANSFORMS

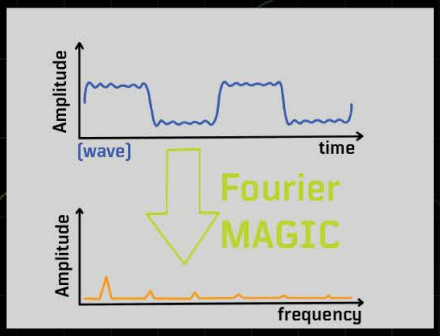
WHAT IS A FOURIER TRANSFORM?

Any signal can be written as a sum of tiny oscillations. The Fourier Transform takes a function of time (typically a wave of some sort):

$$f(t)$$

and rewrites it as a function of frequency:

$$\hat{f}(\omega) = \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(t) e^{-i\omega t}\, dt$$



This might be pretty scary looking to non-math people, but all this does is take a wave form and turn it into an spectrogram like you'd see on an EQ!

It provides two views of the same object: one stretched across time, and one decomposed into spectral lines.

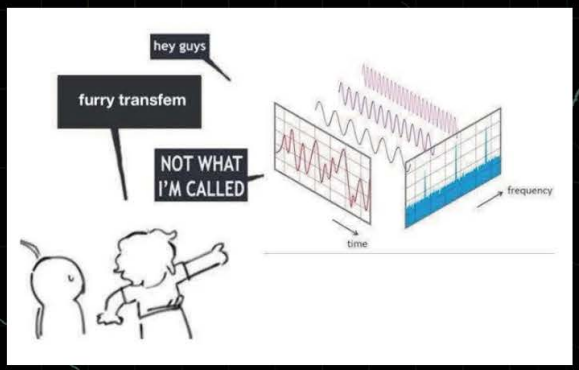
WHY IT MATTERS

You can use the Fourier Transform to do a LOT of ridiculously cool things in SO many different areas of STEM!

- **Audio**: EQs, filters, radio tuning, pretty much *every* audio plugin are applications of Fourier analysis!

- **Physics** Diffusion, wave and heat equations become solvable after a Fourier transform!

- **Imaging & Data**: MRIs rely on Fourier transforms to create images, compression algorithms can use it to store the same information in less space, crystallography uses it too!

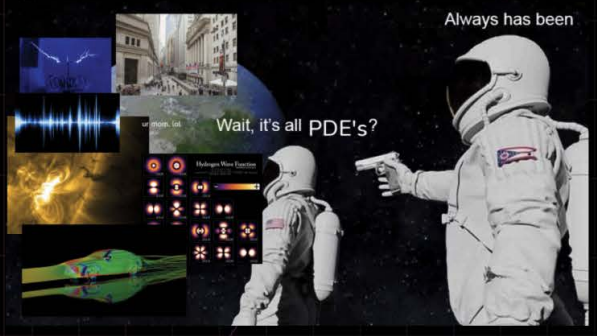


The use of Fourier transforms that is closest to my heart though is the solving of *partial differential equations.*

SOLVING PDES

You've heard your engineer friends complain about differential equations probably. It's a notoriously difficult class that deals with finding the answers to problems where we only know how a specific thing is changing, not what the thing itself actually is. You can solve things like spring systems, population models, and simple circuits using differential equations.

***Partial differential equations** are like the 2nd-boss-fight-phase version of that.*



Partial differential equations can be used to describe pretty much anything. They appear in electricity and magnetism, advanced mechanics, quantum mechanics, material science, fluid dynamics, the birth and death of stars, and so much more!

They're notoriously difficult to solve. Luckily though, our friend Joseph Fourier has a tool that'll help us out.

Let's do an example with the Poisson Equation. Poisson describes how a point of anything creates a field: how voltage and field comes from charge, how gravity comes from mass.

Here's a plain Poisson equation with $u : \mathbb{R}^3 \to \mathbb{R}$ and δ being the Dirac delta:

$$-\nabla^2 u(x, y, z) = \delta(x, y, z)$$

This equation could be used to answer something like the question "what kind of electric field do we get from a point charge?" We apply the Fourier transform to the PDE, and it turns into a regular differential equation in the new frequency space!

$$\mathcal{F}\left\{-\nabla^2 u\right\}(\vec{\omega}) = |\vec{\omega}|^2 \hat{u}(\vec{\omega})$$
$$\mathcal{F}\{\delta\} = 1$$

We don't even have to solve differential equation in this case! The transform did it for us!

$$\hat{u}(\vec{\omega}) = \frac{1}{|\vec{\omega}|^2}$$

Now we can just take the *inverse* transform:

$$u(x, y, z) = \mathcal{F}^{-1}\left\{\frac{1}{|\vec{\omega}|^2}\right\}(x, y, z)$$
$$= \frac{1}{4\pi|\vec{x}|} = \frac{1}{4\pi\sqrt{x^2 + y^2 + z^2}}$$

I've spared you from a lot of the horror that comes from calculating the explicit inverse integral, but the good news is that a lot of these are known results.

WHERE DOES THE FOURIER TRANSFORM REALLY COME FROM?

It doesn't fall out of the sky. The Fourier transform is built on one idea:you can understand a signal by projecting it onto "building blocks" of oscillations.

Step 1: Pick your Building Blocks

We need functions that are easy to work with and don't overlap with each other. Complex exponentials do this job:

$$e^{i\omega t} = \cos(\omega t) + i\sin(\omega t).$$

They oscillate forever, and different frequencies are *orthogonal*:

$$\underbrace{\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} e^{i\omega t}\, e^{i\omega' t}\, dt}_{\text{"dot product" of two orthogonal vectors}} = 0 \quad \text{if } \omega \neq \omega'.$$

Step 2: Project onto them

To see "how much" of frequency ω is in your signal $f(t)$, you take an inner product:

$$\hat{f}(\omega) = \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(t)\, e^{-i\omega t}\, dt.$$

This is the **Fourier transform.**

Step 3: Rebuild the Function

If you know all the frequency components, you can put them back together:

$$f(t) = \frac{1}{2\pi} \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} \hat{f}(\omega)\, e^{i\omega t}\, d\omega.$$

This is the magic of linear algebra! Linear algebra unlocks the magic that is *functional analysis!*

Why is i there? None of this is imaginary!

Euler's formula $e^{i\theta} = \cos\theta + i\sin\theta$ means every exponential contains both sine and cosine. That's the most efficient way to capture *both* the amplitude and the phase of each frequency.

I
$\hat{f}(\omega)$
My Boyfriend

Harvesting in October Eladio Zamora

I'm really broke right now. Like, really broke. It's been this way for a while. Ever since my only daughter went missing, I couldn't bring myself to do much. I can barely get out of bed or brush my teeth, much less get a job.

It's been hard.

You never expect to grieve the passing of your own children. You never expect to grieve anyone, really, but then life forces you to.

Recently, I've gained back enough motivation to at least try to keep myself alive; my daughter wouldn't have wanted me to live like this. Her and I were always picking each other up, always finding ways to keep ourselves happy and somewhat financially stable, even through the toughest times.

Helena, my daughter, has been missing for one year exactly, as of tomorrow, October 1st. To add salt to the wound, she vanished about five days before my birthday. I did everything to try and find her, obsessively tracking any minute piece of evidence that could lead me to her, but everything led to a dead end. I contacted the police but, as usual, they were no help. "We can put her on a missing person list, but that's about all" is what they said. I decided not to respond and walked out in silence; I've been told it's better to keep your mouth shut than make an enemy.

She was a junior in college, my Helena. A brilliant young woman studying to be an oral surgeon. Straight A's, too. Sometimes I wish whatever happened to her happened to me instead. She would've been someone, unlike me. She could have made a change in the world, very unlike me.

It's been almost a year, and from that day on, my life has spiraled into what it is now.

I've been living off my savings for the past year, but they're running out. I've applied for jobs already but nobody has called me back with an offer, though I do have some interviews lined up. Regardless, I resorted to looking at Craigslist ads to look for any odd jobs I could find. Every night, I sit at my computer and check job listings to see if anybody has posted anything I could make a bit of money off of, but there's never much work available. The only "work" I can find is stuff I would never do because you know. Freaks.

...

After a long day of job interviews followed by emailed rejections, I decided to look through the listings again. "Maybe there's something new today" I said, hopeful. After refreshing the web page, I saw it; the only normal job I'd seen on here in a month, and it was a lot of money. A lot of money. The description simply said "Need help moving-$10,000 cash". I typed the text faster than I could think. "Do you still need help moving? I'm willing and ready to help whenever you need."

Sent.

Butterflies flew up and down in my stomach as I anxiously waited for a response. "This will save me," I told myself.

...

I was excited at first but, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I was about to move drugs or I was about to get robbed. "Whatever, I don't have anything of value anyway" I reassured myself. I kept waiting. Hours passed. I wasn't really expecting anything to come out of it. I barely expected a response, much less a confirmation that the job was available until I heard my phone vibrate.

"Yes. Meet me at 603 Mori Lane at 2:40 AM tomorrow." "What the fuck" I said to myself. "Why so early?" My first thought went to kidnapping. "I'll just take my gun" I sighed, resigning to the fact that I wasn't going to get any sleep today. "Sounds good" I texted back. "See you soon"

...

:40AM I arrived at the address at 2:40 AM on the dot. It was an old neighborhood with one light pole at the end of the road. The rest of the houses were submerged in black, the only thing visible being the sharp yellow beams of light shooting out of my car's headlights. The wheels of my car churned the gravel beneath them until my phone said I arrived at my destination. I didn't want to attract attention to myself or wake anyone, so I turned my car off. I pulled my phone out to text the person I was meeting with. "I should have asked more questions before agreeing to this, I don't even know their name" I muttered. I tapped a text into my phone and sent it: "I think I'm here".

“I'll wait a few more minutes before calling him," I thought. I sat in my car, my eyes slowly adjusting to the night. As I gained my vision back from the blinding darkness, I noticed that the houses looked very run down, and somehow soulless.

"These things look abandoned" I said to myself.

Through my car's windows, I stared at the house to the left of me. Unlike the rest of the houses, this house was slightly visible. The front yard was void of life, resembling a desert more than a yard. My eyes followed the dirt path up towards the house until they landed on the stairs that led to the entrance. The wood of the stairs was obviously rotted and in desperate need of replacement. Cracks spread throughout the facade of the house, making it seem as though it were made of shattered ceramic. My eyes continued up towards the door which housed a large oval window in its center. The window was devoid of light, save for a sparkle from the moon. My skin crawled as I suddenly got the feeling that I was being watched. I shifted in the car's leather seat. "Don't be stupid" I said to myself, finding my gun in my pocket just in case. My analysis of the old decrepit house was suddenly interrupted by the buzzing of my phone; they finally texted back. "You're looking at the right house. Come in." A chill went up through my spine, crawling into my brain as I clutched my pocket.

I was right.

I stepped out of my car and walked through the dead lawn, my steps echoing loud crunches throughout the neighborhood. The hard dirt felt more like concrete than soil, cracking as I put the pressure of my feet onto it.

I reached the entrance and carefully made my way up the rotted steps until I found myself at the door, looking into the oval window I was just staring at a minute ago. What I hadn't seen a minute ago, however, was the man standing in the middle of it. The door snapped open as if I had just set off a mousetrap.

"Howdy!" roared the man. A large, muscular man with a ruffled beard had opened the door and was standing before me. He was dressed in black overalls covered in mud (maybe clay?), rubber boots, and nothing else. His thick southern accent cut through the silence of the neighborhood like a razor through skin.

"Sorry I texted you late, I was attending to my wife. She's getting ready for something she's doing". He extended his bearpaw-like hand towards me. "My name's Vic, nice to meet ya".

I shook his hand and introduced myself. "Frank. Pleasure to meet you, too". "Well come on in, we don't want to wake the neighbors, do we?" He laughed, sending a shotgun of vibration through the weak foundation of the house. A dog barked in the distance in response "Let me make some coffee for us Frank, we've got a long day ahead of us". I agreed and entered the building.

...

The inside of the house was hardly better than the outside. There was even less light, save for the small fire from the stove where Vic was making coffee. The smell of rot permeated throughout the house, forcing itself in and out of my lungs in every wretched breath. The floors creaked with any slight movement, the noise only being amplified by the resonant wooden structure of the house. As I looked around, the only clean looking thing in sight was a sweater with a name embroidered on it in big, white letters, though I couldn't make out what the letters spelled. My attention quickly shifted from the scattered clothes to the arm in front of my face. The smell of coffee graced my nostrils. Thank God, I thought. The house was filled with tangible silence, so I attempted to make conversation. "So, where are you moving?" I asked, smelling and sipping the coffee.

"What do you mean?" responded Vic.

"We'll you're moving, aren't you? That's what the job listing said".

"Oh no, I'm not moving" said Vic, staring off, half paying attention while drinking his coffee. His gruffy voice resonated through my head as he spoke. "No, the job listing said we were moving things, not furniture", he clarified "we're moving product".

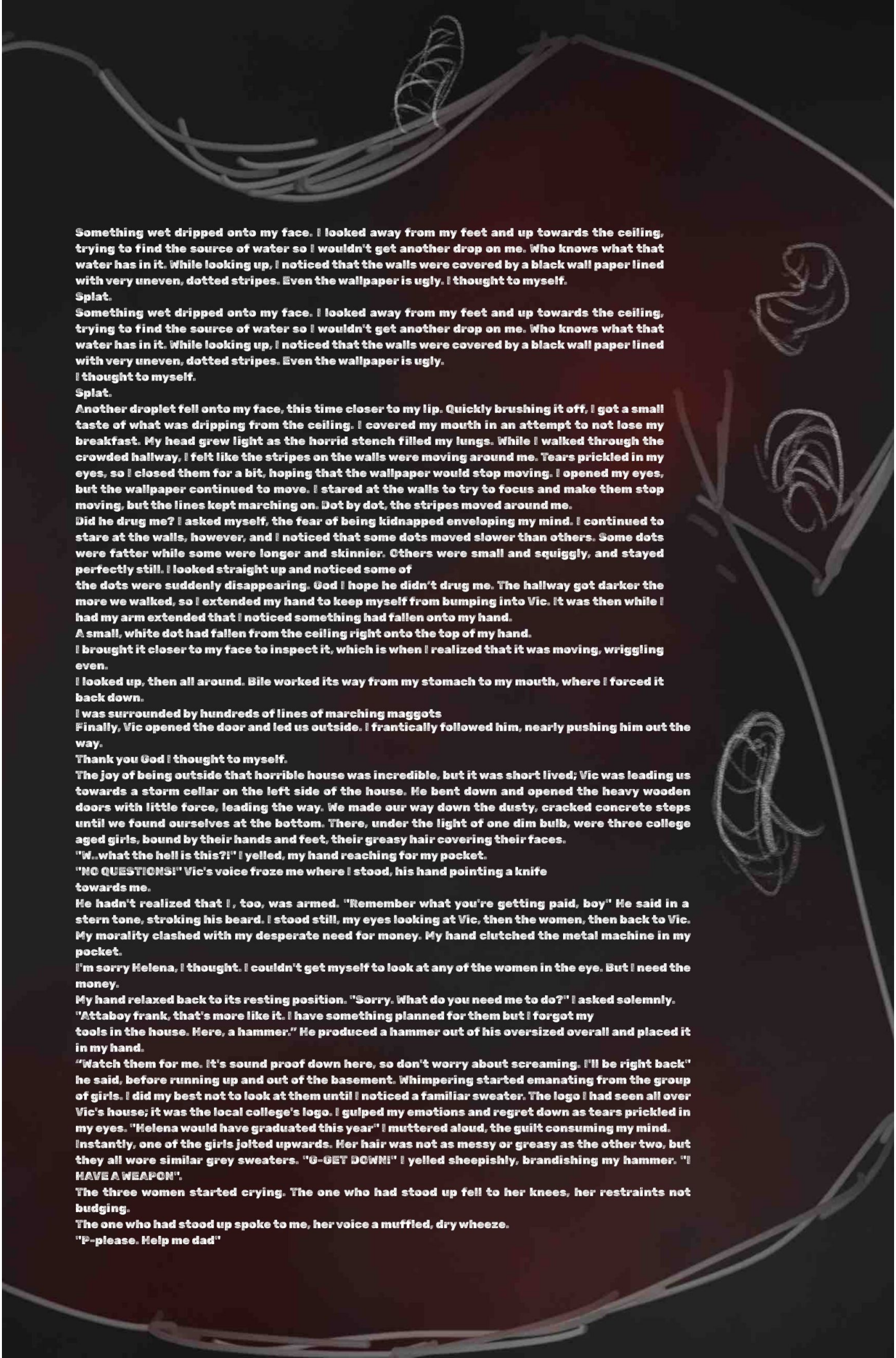
"Oh" I responded. "What type of product?".

The silence that erupted after that question nearly burst my eardrums. Then, in a more serious, unwelcoming tone, Vic responded: "Just do the job and don't ask questions. You'll get ten grand. It'll be easy money. Deal?" My body tensed.

I was able to weakly force out one word: "D-deal"

Vic finished his coffee and stood up from the table, his towering stature looming over me. He looked down at me and muttered "Follow me" and so I did. Maneuvering through Vic's house was like walking through a hoarder's dream: men's, women's, and children's clothing all lined the floors of every room we passed, the stench increasing every step of the way. Many of the clothes were of the same brand and bore the same logo as the one clean sweater I had seen earlier. "He must like that brand" I thought to myself. I continued to stare at my feet, doing my best not to trip over anything.

Splat.



Something wet dripped onto my face. I looked away from my feet and up towards the ceiling, trying to find the source of water so I wouldn't get another drop on me. Who knows what that water has in it. While looking up, I noticed that the walls were covered by a black wall paper lined with very uneven, dotted stripes. Even the wallpaper is ugly. I thought to myself.
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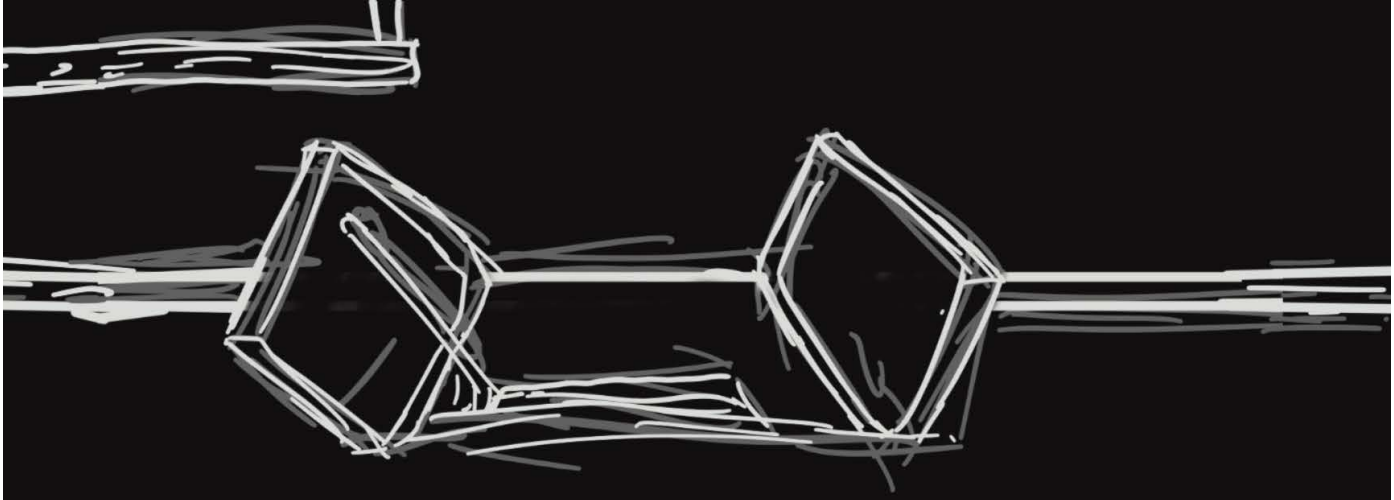
Something wet dripped onto my face. I looked away from my feet and up towards the ceiling, trying to find the source of water so I wouldn't get another drop on me. Who knows what that water has in it. While looking up, I noticed that the walls were covered by a black wall paper lined with very uneven, dotted stripes. Even the wallpaper is ugly.
I thought to myself.
Splat.
Another droplet fell onto my face, this time closer to my lip. Quickly brushing it off, I got a small taste of what was dripping from the ceiling. I covered my mouth in an attempt to not lose my breakfast. My head grew light as the horrid stench filled my lungs. While I walked through the crowded hallway, I felt like the stripes on the walls were moving around me. Tears prickled in my eyes, so I closed them for a bit, hoping that the wallpaper would stop moving. I opened my eyes, but the wallpaper continued to move. I stared at the walls to try to focus and make them stop moving, but the lines kept marching on. Dot by dot, the stripes moved around me.
Did he drug me? I asked myself, the fear of being kidnapped enveloping my mind. I continued to stare at the walls, however, and I noticed that some dots moved slower than others. Some dots were fatter while some were longer and skinnier. Others were small and squiggly, and stayed perfectly still. I looked straight up and noticed some of
the dots were suddenly disappearing. God I hope he didn't drug me. The hallway got darker the more we walked, so I extended my hand to keep myself from bumping into Vic. It was then while I had my arm extended that I noticed something had fallen onto my hand.
A small, white dot had fallen from the ceiling right onto the top of my hand.
I brought it closer to my face to inspect it, which is when I realized that it was moving, wriggling even.
I looked up, then all around. Bile worked its way from my stomach to my mouth, where I forced it back down.
I was surrounded by hundreds of lines of marching maggots
Finally, Vic opened the door and led us outside. I frantically followed him, nearly pushing him out the way.
Thank you God I thought to myself.
The joy of being outside that horrible house was incredible, but it was short lived; Vic was leading us towards a storm cellar on the left side of the house. He bent down and opened the heavy wooden doors with little force, leading the way. We made our way down the dusty, cracked concrete steps until we found ourselves at the bottom. There, under the light of one dim bulb, were three college aged girls, bound by their hands and feet, their greasy hair covering their faces.
"W..what the hell is this?!" I yelled, my hand reaching for my pocket.
"NO QUESTIONS!" Vic's voice froze me where I stood, his hand pointing a knife
towards me.
He hadn't realized that I, too, was armed. "Remember what you're getting paid, boy" He said in a stern tone, stroking his beard. I stood still, my eyes looking at Vic, then the women, then back to Vic. My morality clashed with my desperate need for money. My hand clutched the metal machine in my pocket.
I'm sorry Helena, I thought. I couldn't get myself to look at any of the women in the eye. But I need the money.
My hand relaxed back to its resting position. "Sorry. What do you need me to do?" I asked solemnly.
"Attaboy frank, that's more like it. I have something planned for them but I forgot my
tools in the house. Here, a hammer." He produced a hammer out of his oversized overall and placed it in my hand.
"Watch them for me. It's sound proof down here, so don't worry about screaming. I'll be right back" he said, before running up and out of the basement. Whimpering started emanating from the group of girls. I did my best not to look at them until I noticed a familiar sweater. The logo I had seen all over Vic's house; it was the local college's logo. I gulped my emotions and regret down as tears prickled in my eyes. "Helena would have graduated this year" I muttered aloud, the guilt consuming my mind.
Instantly, one of the girls jolted upwards. Her hair was not as messy or greasy as the other two, but they all wore similar grey sweaters. "G-GET DOWN!" I yelled sheepishly, brandishing my hammer. "I HAVE A WEAPON".
The three women started crying. The one who had stood up fell to her knees, her restraints not budging.
The one who had stood up spoke to me, her voice a muffled, dry wheeze.
"P-please. Help me dad"



The hair on my arms stood up straight. My eyes bolted onto the woman who was speaking, my anger rising. "YOU DON'T GET TO CALL ME TH-" my insides boiled before I realized who I was yelling at. Kneeling before me, bound and scarred, her face finally visible, was my lost daughter, Helena.

I immediately cut off her restraints. The other women in the room started crying, presumably pleading for me to do the same for them. I couldn't understand them through their gags, but I didn't care about them. I kneeled on the ground and finally, after a year of fantasizing of this moment, I embraced my Helena. "I'm going to get you out of here baby, don't you worry. Come on, hurry. I have a gun, take this hammer just in case." I whispered as I handed her the hammer that Vic gave me.

"Thank you dad" she responded. "I always knew you'd come back for me. I always knew it." She smiled a yellow, broken smile.

The two other women started begging through their gags once again, but I ignored them. The only thing that mattered was that Helena and I got out safely. I've been waiting for this day for too long to screw it up for some random girls. The women started screaming, which is when I decided to run. "Come on Helena, before he gets back". I grabbed Helena by her big grey sweatshirt and pulled her up the stairs towards the door.

"I'll open the door and you just run. Here's the keys to my car in case I don't make it. I'll be right behind you, okay?" I said anxiously.

"Okay" she responded, surprisingly unfazed.

"Leave without me if I can't make it" I told her, sternly. She nodded.

"She must have seen some nasty things here to be so unbothered by this" I thought to myself. I felt a wave of guilt wash over me, tears flowing out my eyes. I wiped the tears and got ready to run: this is our only shot.

Quickly and with all my might, I forced open the gargantuan wooden doors. I checked the coast to make sure it was clear.

"I don't see him, run Helena!" I yelled.

Helena bolted past me. Her steps grew from loud stomps to soft pats as they got further away, eventually turning into silence.

Once the silence grew unbearable, I knew it was my turn to sprint out of the cellar. As I stepped out of the cellar, the darkness of the night once again wrapped my eyes in opaque, black sheets. I ran aimlessly in the same direction that Helena ran until my eyes adjusted and I could see the car. I could just barely make out the silhouette of a person inside.

"Yes! Helena made it in!"

I ran full speed towards the now visible car and jumped into the passengers seat as quickly as my body allowed. I locked the doors before breathing a sigh of relief. I turned over to face Helena.

She was sitting there, a big smile plastered on her face. "We did it baby! Now turn the car on, let's get out of here" I said.

But the car didn't start. "Helena?"

"Dad, do you wanna know how I went missing?" she asked.

I froze. Right now?

"Yes honey, but we need to get out of h-"

"I went missing", she interrupted, "because I was doing a Craigslist job, just like you're doing right now, to buy you a birthday present! I always saw you doing them and I wanted to give it a try!". Helena's voice was filled with joy. A lump formed in my throat. "Oh Helena... I'm so sorry, you didn't hav-"

"It's okay, don't apologize. You have nothing to apologize for! I don't struggle with money anymore dad, I found someone who actually loves me!" her voice dropped the joyful tone. "I found my real dad. You've met him already, his name is Vic."

The weight that had been lifted off my shoulders by finding my missing Helena was suddenly tenfold. I felt the weight of the world forcing my body deeper into the padded leather seats of my car. I was so stunned by Helena's words that I failed to notice the two fat, muscly hands that were pushing my shoulders down into the seat, preventing me from moving whatsoever. Swiftly and efficiently, a knife appeared under my throat. The hand that was holding it, however, wasn't the thick, hairy arm I would have expected from Vic. It was a small, thin arm, wrapped in a grey sweater, reaching over right across from me. "I'm sorry dad, but I found my real dad one year ago. Today's our anniversary, isn't that right papa?"

A voice boomed from the back seat of my family sedan. "It sure is sweetheart. Good job tracking him down, this is gonna be the easiest money we've made so far! He's got no other family except you, sweetie."

"It wasn't too hard, all we had to do was wait for his text to come in. I knew he was desperate for money." said Helena before she turned her attention to me.

"We were always resourceful, weren't we dad?" she said, looking me in the eyes. The knife popped through my skin and sunk into my throat. I choked on my own blood as hot lava poured from the cut and coated my whole front. Helena withdrew the knife from my throat only to wedge it back in, more forcefully this time. She held my head back after I lost the ability to do so for a better, easier cut. My neck bent farther backwards than what my skin normally would allow. Hair-like strands stretched from top to bottom of the fresh wound. I struggled, trying my best to liberate myself from Vic's large hands, but it was no use. My blood covered the entire passenger side of the car. Eventually, my attempts to push up against Vic's hands or move away from Helena's blade became small, weak twitches like a rat caught in a mouse trap. The last words before the light in my eyes dimmed were from Helena.

"I hate you, Frank"

The end.

Modernity Has Failed Us: Analysis of The 1975's A Brief Inquiry Into Online Relationships

The 1975's third studio album, A Brief Inquiry Into Online Relationships is a concept album that explores online communication and the internet's effect on contemporary life. Released in 2018, this album is often considered the band's most experimental and socially reflective work. The album tackles themes of relationships with technology, love, addiction, and disconnection.

Each album starts with a variation of their self titled opener song, each one being produced to match the album. This one is robotic and disembodied, setting the tone that technology is mediating the band's identity. This gives a cold and computerized start to an album about human connection in the digital age.

The album then jumps into an energetic post punk inspired track, Give Yourself a Try. The song captures the confusion of young adulthood. The song mentions mental health, drug use, culture and the feeling of being lost in the modern world. The repeated line "Give yourself a try" is both sincere and sarcastic, encouraging self acceptance but acknowledging how hard that is.

Next they give us TOOTIMETOOTIMETOOTIME, a playful dance track about infidelity and relationships mediated by phones. The lyrics are short and repetitive, mimicking a text exchange. The song showcases how casual dishonesty and miscommunication develop in online romance. Commentary on the digital age is continued in How to Draw/ Petrichor has two sides, one dreamy piano ballad and then transforms into a glitchy warped electronic track. With themes of intimacy and creativity being distorted by technology, they suggest how emotions like "petrichor," the smell of rain, can be digitalized.

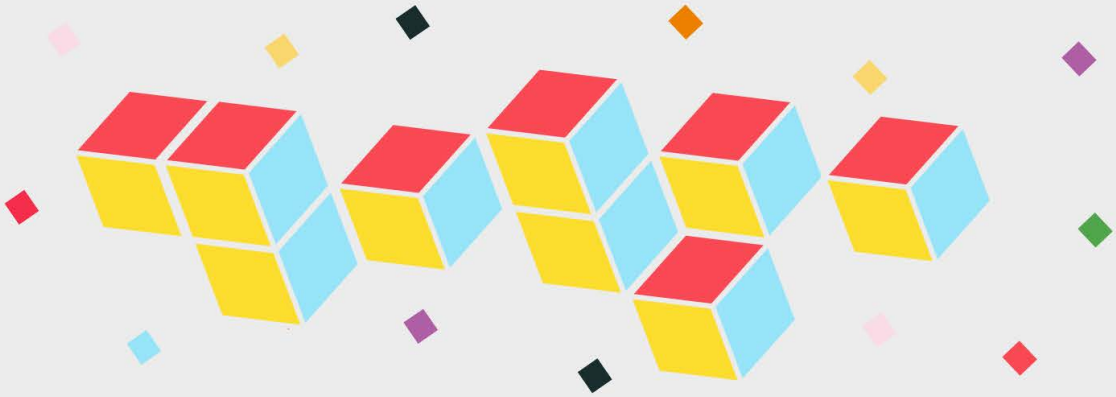
THE FIFTH TRACK, LOVE IT IF WE MADE IT, IS ONE OF THE 1975'S MOST URGENT AND POLITICALLY CHARGED SONGS.
THE SONG IS IMMERSIVE AS IT BUILDS TO GET MORE AND MORE CHAOTIC.
IT IS A TIME CAPSULE, PULLING TOGETHER CULTURAL REFERENCES AND NEWS HEADLINES.
THE LYRICS READ AS IF YOU'RE SCROLLING ON TWITTER OR A NEWS FEED.
THE REPEATED LINE "MODERNITY HAS FAILED US" CRYSTALLIZES THE ALBUM'S CRITIQUE OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY.
LOTS OF WHAT THE FRONTMAN, MATTY HEALY, IS REFERENCING IS STILL RELEVANT TODAY.
LINES ABOUT TRUMP, KANYE WEST, POLICE BRUTALITY, IMMIGRATION, AND THE OPIOID CRISIS STILL STAND TODAY.
DESPITE THE ARK IMAGERY THEY USE, THE REPEATED "I'D LOVE IT IF WE MADE IT" ACTS AS A PRAYER OR PLEA.
THE LINE IS CYNICAL YET HOPEFUL, WHICH IS THE THEME OF THE SONG.
THIS COMMENTARY DOESN'T OFFER SOLUTIONS, RATHER IT CAPTURES THE OVERWHELMING FEELING OF LIVING THROUGH A POLITICAL TURMOIL.
THE PARADOX IS THAT AMID ALL THE DESPAIR, THERE IS STILL A THREAD OF HOPE.

THE BAND THEN GETS INTIMATE ON THE SONG "BE MY MISTAKE."
IT EXPLORES INTIMACY AS A DISTRACTION FROM REAL EMOTIONAL NEEDS WITH A SOUND THAT IS POLAR OPPOSITE TO THE REST OF THE ALBUM.
THIS SONG CONTRASTS THE HYPER DIGITAL TRACKS, WHICH GROUNDS THE RECORD IN RAW HUMAN VULNERABILITY.
THE URGENCY TO BE AUTHENTIC FLOWS INTO SINCERITY IS SCARY.
THE JAZZY, GOSPEL INFUSED TRACK MOCKS IRONY CULTURE.
THE BAND CRITIQUES HOW PEOPLE MASK REAL EMOTION WITH SARCASM OR DETACHMENT ONLINE.

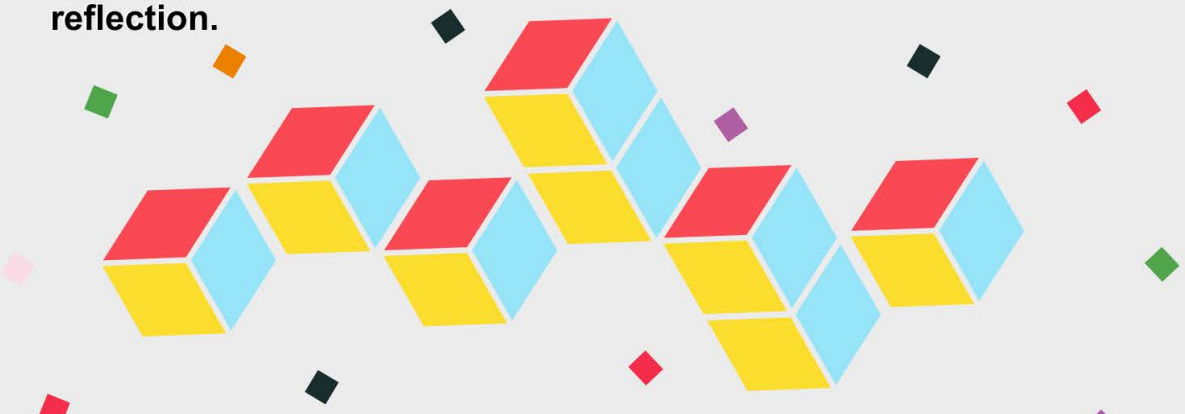
I LIKE AMERICA & AMERICA LIKES ME USES AUTOTUNE AND FRAGMENTED VOCALS TO TALK
ABOUT AMERICAN GUN VIOLENCE, CONSUMERISM, AND THE DESIRE TO FEEL ALIVE IN A VIOLENT CULTURE.
THE CHAOTIC STRUCTURE MIRRORS SENSORY OVERLOAD OF SOCIAL MEDIA AND TRAGEDY FATIGUE.
THE COMMENTARY ON DIGITAL AGE CONTINUES ONTO THE MAN WHO MARRIED A ROBOT/LOVE THEME, A SPOKEN WORD
STORY NARRATED BY SIRI ABOUT A MAN WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH THE ROBOT.
THE 1975 ILLUSTRATE THE DANGERS OF TECHNOLOGY BECOMING OUR CLOSEST COMPANION.
THE ONLINE CONNECTION REPLACES HUMAN CONNECTION, LEAVING HIM ISOLATED AND EMPTY.
WHILE THE NEXT PIANO DRIVEN BALLAD, INSIDE YOUR MIND, SEEMS ROMANTIC, IT'S A BIT UNSETTLING.
HEALY SINGS ABOUT LONGING TO "CRACK OPEN YOUR HEAD" TO KNOW HIS PARTNER'S THOUGHTS.
THIS OBSESSION SHOWS THE LACK OF BOUNDARIES WITH A MEDITATION ON INTIMACY,
PRIVACY, AND THE IMPOSSIBILITY TO TRULY KNOW SOMEONE.

On the surface, It's Not Living (If It's Not With You) sounds like a bright, catchy pop anthem, but it deals with heavy themes. The pop sound masks lyrics about frontman Matty Healy's heroin addiction. While the lyrics sound like a love song, the "you" in the title refers to a drug, not a person. Healy sings about trying to live without "you" but feeling incomplete showing the consuming nature of addiction. The shimmering production disguises the darkness of addiction. The 80s pop feel clashes with the lyrics, mirroring how addiction can be glamorized. The romantic language used shows how seductive yet destructive addiction can feel. Healy talks about his addiction again on Surrounded by Heads and Bodies, which is inspired by Healy's rehab experience. The minimal diary-like lyrics capture quiet moments of recovery, giving listeners a vulnerable look at identity and healing.

Unlike the album's heavier explorations of addiction, technology, and social issues, the soft and jazzy ballad, Mine, seems timeless and romantic. The lyrics focus on love, commitment and vulnerability, with Matty Healy reflecting on the idea of settling down. He sings about the uncertainty of the future, yet clings to the comfort of having someone to call his own. The jazz ballad stands out on the album as a moment of intimacy and calm. Mine is about finding stability and identity in love, even when everything can feel uncertain. The album has settled down with another emotional ballad, I Couldn't Be More in Love. With heartfelt vocals and gospel-like backing, Matty Healy delivers one of the album's most vulnerable moments, addressing a failing relationship and realizing love may not be enough to save it. Then lyrics show a mix of desperation, regret, and devotion, showing the tension showing the tension between holding and letting go. The sincerity sets it apart, making it the album's emotional core.



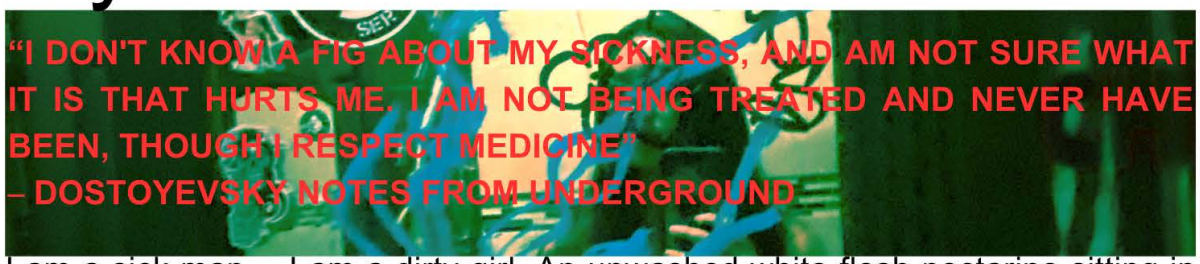
The last track on the album is one of the most powerful and cinematic tracks. I Always Wanna Die (Sometimes) has deeply vulnerable lyrics about depression, suicidal thoughts, but ultimately resilience. Despite its dark theme, the song feels comforting and cathartic, offering solidarity to anyone struggling. It ends the album acknowledging despair but leaving space for survival with the lyric “if you can’t survive; just try.” Ending with this song leaves listeners with a raw but strangely uplifting reflection.



Across the album, The 1975 balance satire and sincerity, tackling everything from internet culture to personal struggles. The closing tracks bring the album back to a deeply human core. In the end, it suggests that modernity has failed us and the internet is a chaotic mess. Yet, despite the complications of the digital age, love and resilience continue to be the strongest foundation for connection.

i don’t know a fig about my sickness

by Iris Alviar


“I DON'T KNOW A FIG ABOUT MY SICKNESS, AND AM NOT SURE WHAT IT IS THAT HURTS ME. I AM NOT BEING TREATED AND NEVER HAVE BEEN, THOUGH I RESPECT MEDICINE”
– DOSTOYEVSKY NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

I am a sick man… I am a dirty girl. An unwashed white-flesh nectarine sitting in the fridge. I am constantly rotting; a condition only exacerbated by summer’s start. The sun has no regard for my preference to remain unripe, rather I feel his gaze more salaciously upon my skin. I am not ready to live.

My cousin visited two weeks ago. She’s ten years old and has an iPad, but still makes time to read Harry Potter on the loo. (Toilet paper makes for a convenient bookmark BTW) We walked in the nature preserve by my house. I pointed out the wild blackberries growing along the trail. They were small and hard and covered with that kind of yellow fluffy pollen similar to white dandelions. I was reminded of when my brother and I would miss dinner at my Abuela’s because we were exploring (trespassing) the bayou by her house. This was the same bayou that ran up her stairs during Hurricane Harvey. The bayou that cuts through every real Houston neighborhood.The bayou that my brother fell into one time, but it was just mud-sludge and we didn’t tell our mom. In the gated area of the bayou by my Abuela’s house, there were mulberry trees and patches of blackberries that we would eat—unwashed of course. These fruits only grow wildly during early summer. I admire that. As I walked with my cousin, I was reminded of childhood, not because the fruit we picked, but her blackberry eyes. They smiled with temptation. I told her we could eat one blackberry each. She agreed and ate two berries. I had revealed to her the random fruit growing along the trail was edible, and she trusted me, yet defied me. How human, how natural, how divine.

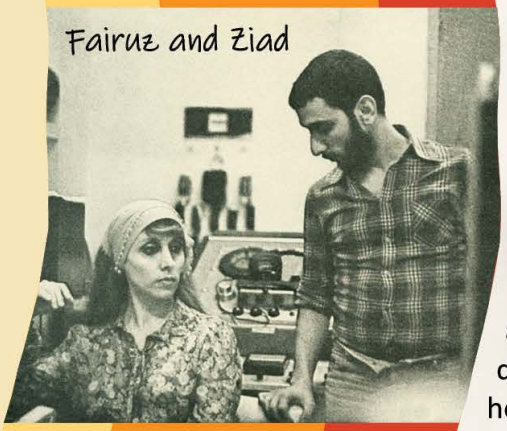
At some point in your high school years, you achieve the epiphany that everything is contrived. For a lot of people this manifests by calling everyone “fake” or “a poser” or say “they just pmo idk why”. But it’s true, everything is contrived. Duh. It’s impossible to be original when we’re all so similar to each other and the humans that used to be alive. We are just humans. Our influences define us—it’s psychologically proven. Everything is made up. Nothing matters. Nihilism yada yada. Everything is contrived, but some things are sacred regardless. I think that inescapable instinct of defiance is what makes us human. It’s biblical. Eve and Adam.

The world feels less holy everyday. Maybe it's just a consequence of growing up, but between pesticides and AI-generated classroom assignments, I can't help but feel hopeless. Have we allowed it to escape Pandora's box? It being that soul that gives our flesh sweetness? We are gross creatures. The dirt under our nails was the original seasoning, maybe it will be the salt that flavors our bodies when we are next collectively eaten. Maybe our eaters will have the same affliction of anti-dirtiness and will wash our fingers, gently. I hope I end up under someone's kitchen sink with a loving, hungry hand rather than being violently jetted in a factory for mass production. My meat mixed with many other humans in a disgusting amalgamation of all the lives we once had. My brother doesn't believe in rinsing produce. He probably eats apples with the sticker still on. My favorite kind of Apple is the Fiona kind. If you didn't like that joke my favorite kind of edible apple is Honeycrisp because - duh. Technically Fiona Apple is edible though. Cannibalism isn't necessarily bad. Most taboos aren't objectively bad, only within the impositions of our society. We have the societal taboos for the purpose of protecting our greater collective humanity, but sometimes I feel like it's the opposite. Why shouldn't we eat unwashed wild blackberries with our dirty fingers?

Why is our "humanity" so precious? We can't even accept the humanity of others. In the moment I am writing this, there is debate as to whether or not a human is an alien—what an inane postulation—and people are dying (Kim) for the right to live where they were born, where their mother was born, where their grandmother and her grandmother were born. Is there even such thing as collective humanity? What do we have in common besides being the same species? I can't imagine what goes on in someone else's head. I am pretty performative, so if other people are like me, then who are they really. When you bite into a stone fruit it betrays you. The soft flesh of a bloody cherry hides he seed within. Yet, you wouldn't find a worm inside a rock. Except you would. In this analogy, would our seed be our soul? That portrays a kind of nice idea of life after death. Ascend to a greater, more removed but fruitful dimension of life. Maybe hell is the inability to bear sweet edible fruit, to give sweetness to others. Some people would like hell, I think. I think we'd all just adjust. We have already.

Ziad al-Rahbani:

Jazz, Politics, and the Pulse of Modern Arab Music



"He was the son of Fairuz and a Rahbani, how else was he going to turn out?" were the words spoken by my aunt, reminiscing about the genius of the late artist's work.

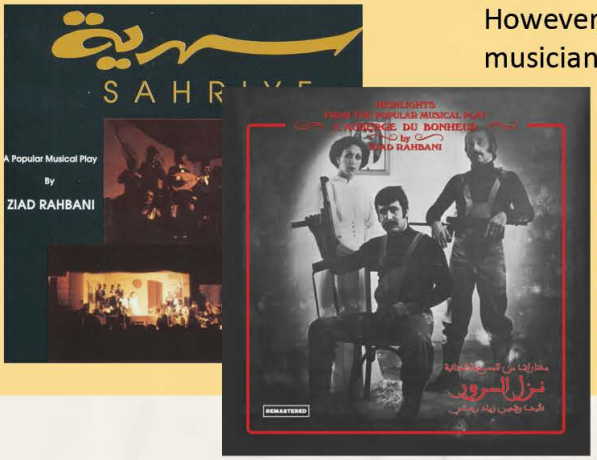
The son of Assi al-Rahbani of the iconic Rahbani brothers and Fairuz, one of the most beloved and renowned Lebanese artists of all time, Ziad al-Rahbani was destined for greatness. Truly, how else was he supposed to turn out when his family line had been instrumental in shaping the very fabric of the Lebanese music world?

A prodigal writer, composer, and musician, he composed his first music, "Saalouny El Nas," at the age of 17 for his mother's leading role in Al Mahatta, a musical play written by the Rahbani brothers, a playwright duo comprised of his father and uncle. This was only the first spark of his creative career, as he went on to write, compose, and star in dozens more musicals and plays.

Assi, Mansour, and Elias al-Rahbani

Al-Rahbani was a talented artist who—without a doubt—took inspiration from his parents, but more so used his musical genius to create a name for himself, shifting away from the legacy of his family and composing a slew of genre-bending albums and musicals. He was largely influenced by the jazz and soul of the West, but added his own twist, implementing Arabic instruments like the oud, qanun, and ney, along with other Arabic elements, in his music.

"I admire the music of composers like Charlie Parker, Stan Getz, and Dizzy Gillespie," al-Rahbani once said. "But my music is not Western, it's Lebanese, with a different way of expression." His work blended Lebanese folk music with Western syncopation, pioneering the genre he called "Oriental Jazz," a fusion of Arabic instruments and melodies with Western jazz and funk.

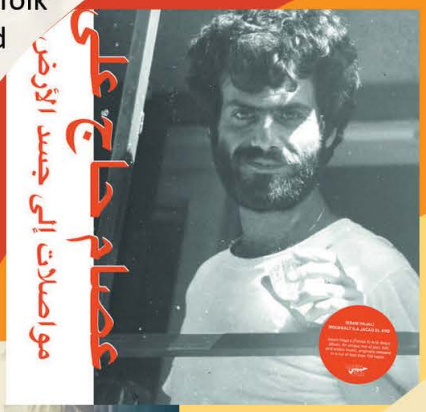


However, more than just a prodigal composer, playwright, musician, and actor, he was also a staunch leftist and self-declared communist, whose work was largely political in nature. His early plays, like *Sahriyye* and *Nazl el-Surour*, centered the working class and absurdity of war, effectively upending the elitism of classical Arabic theater. "He spoke like the people spoke, made art in the language of the taxi driver, the student, the mother waiting for news of her son."

Al-Rahbani was in his 20s when the Lebanese Civil War erupted, and his art during this time was heavily imbued with socio-political commentary. Despite being born into a Christian family in a right-wing conservative environment, he was a vocal supporter of the Lebanese resistance "in the face of the Israeli Occupation and its Zionist Apartheid regime." He deeply criticized the Tal al-Za'tar massacre, in which around 1500 Lebanese and Palestinian Muslims and refugees were killed by the right-wing Lebanese nationalist Christian militias, citing it as the main reason he left his family home and relocated to West Beirut, which was a more Muslim-dominated area aligned with the Palestinian cause. His music and plays served as social commentaries on his war-torn country, as the working class struggled to stay afloat amid the sectarian violence. Ziad al-Rahbani was—first and foremost—a voice for the people, remembered as a cultural icon whose music captured the complexity and struggles of Lebanese society, influencing generations of musicians to come.

Today, the elements of oriental jazz are commonly found in Habibi Funk. Coined by a reissue record label based in Berlin, Germany, which adopted the title, the term “Habibi Funk” refers to the Arabic funk and soul music of the Middle East and Arab world. Co-founded by Jannis Stürtz, the label was formed after a visit to Casablanca, Morocco, where he discovered the prominent jazz and funk scene in the region. He went on to release the first track, “al-Zman Saib”, a 1970s reinterpretation of British rock group Free's song "All Right Now" by a Moroccan group called Fadaul et les Privileges. Now, Habibi Funk has re-released the music of an expansive collection of Arabic funk and soul bands from the 1960s-80s. Of course, Stürtz claims to have awareness of the political aspects of the label's work, addressing "the context of post-colonialism" and avoiding orientalist "stereotypical visual language." He also added that Habibi Funk Records licenses the music it reissues directly from the artists or their families, who get a 50% cut of the profits.

Now, where does Ziad al-Rahbani fit into all of this? Well, his influence can be seen throughout the Arabic jazz and funk scene, but one example of many is his collaboration with Issam Hajali. A leftist jazz and folk rock musician during the Lebanese Civil War, Hajali was forced to flee and lived in exile in Paris for a year. During his time there, he recorded and self-released an album heavily inspired by the persecution of Palestinian activists and the work of Samih al-Qasim, a Palestinian poet. His album went mostly unnoticed until his return to Beirut, where it was discovered by al-Rahbani, who shared his passion for implementing Brazilian bossa nova and jazz elements in Arabic music. They eventually collaborated with Hajali’s band, Ferkat Al Ard, and released *Ogneya*, the iconic Arab jazz and folk album arranged by Rahbani. It has since been reissued by Habibi Funk Records in 2022.



Ziad al-Rahbani's legacy is not only that of a musical prodigy or a revolutionary composer, but of an artist who transformed the cultural and political fabric of the Arab world through sound. His fusion of jazz, funk, and traditional Arabic music was more than an artistic experiment; it was a form of defiance and a challenge to both Western and local conservative norms. It was al-Rahbani's fearless criticism of occupation and class inequality through his work that positioned him as a radical figure whose work continues to resonate today. Rahbani's tragic passing in July of 2025 sent a ripple of sorrow through Lebanon and the Arab world, sparking widespread tributes and the gathering of thousands of mourners in Beirut, who took to the streets to follow his hearse with flowers and sing his songs in remembrance. He's remembered as a symbol for the working class, who voiced the frustrations, the grief, and the undying hope of the people of Lebanon, serving as a steadfast reminder that the liberation of our people, from Lebanon to Palestine, is fundamentally intertwined.

The revival of Arabic funk and jazz through labels like Habibi Funk is not just a nostalgic reissue project—it is a continuation of the spirit that Rahbani embodied. By resurfacing the politically and musically subversive works of artists like Issam Hajali and Ferkat Al Ard, the genre reaffirms the role of music as both resistance and cultural memory. Rahbani's influence echoes through these modern re-releases, proving that the pulse of modern Arab music still beats with the same revolutionary spirit he once championed.

Listen Here

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spirare

when it seems as if
winter arrives three months early
i am cold standing in complete sunlight
the air i draw trembles,
and catches in my throat.

there is unwavering trust behind me
a gust of wind carrying me on
a skip in the step
in the rhythm of my breath
i exhale a touch of karmic debt.

warmth on my skin,
i stack my spine with
gentle, plentiful grace
though fragile, fortified.
deep, strong inhale.

ABSURDISMOS MEXICANOS:

DICHOS FAMILIARES

Absurdismos Mexicanos es una serie de ensayos y poemas que se enfocan en analizar distintos aspectos de la cultura mexicana desde mi perspectiva como regia gringa. Estás leyendo el 1.º capítulo. (30/09/2025)

Que al que se le olvida, la nostalgia le persiga;

He juntado una lista de dichos familiares que mis familiares me han dicho.

Para los que no saben, la cultura mexicana no le teme a la risa o a las rimas.

Siento que mi lengua materna se encuentra mucho en el absurdimso.

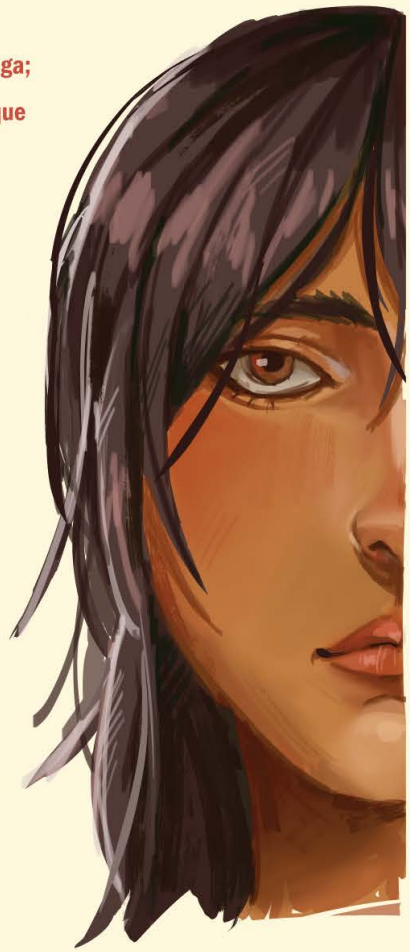
Trae alegeria y mantiene la sabiduría.

Pero los dichos son un fragmento de nuestra cultura que formó parte de mi crianza, y que nunca quiero dejar, aunque a veces siento que estoy más y más lejos de mi país.
aav
No siempre los recuerdo, pero estas frases sirven mucho y pueden ayudar a cualquiera a resolver o superar si solo analizan la raíz.

Por eso se me hizo importante anotar los dichos y publicar una lista.

Aunque sea simple, la estoy inmortalizando en esta humilde revista.

Natalia Silva



< El comal le dijo a la olla. Hablando del rey de Roma... En peores plazas hemos toreado. Entre broma y broma la verdad se asoma. El que se fue de la villa perdió su silla. Explicación no pedida, acusación manifiesta. Al nopal solo se le arriman cuando tiene tunas. Agua que no has de beber, déjala correr. Botellita de jerez, todo lo que me digas será al revés. El que con lobos anda, a aullar se enseña. Árbol que nace torcido, jamás su tronco endereza. El que a buen árbol se arrima, buena sombra le acobija. Crea fama y échate a dormir. Al buen entendedor, pocas palabras. A otro perro con ese hueso. El que parte y reparte, se queda con la mejor parte. Del plato a la boca, se puede caer la sopa. Este arroz ya se coció. El muerto y el arrimado, a los tres días apestan. El león cree que todos son de su condición. Haz el bien sin mirar a quién. No todo lo que brilla es oro. Camarón que se duerme se lo lleva la corriente. ¡De mejores fiestas me han corrido! >

Absurdismos Mexicanos es una serie de ensayos y poemas que se enfocan en analizar distintos aspectos de la cultura mexicana desde mi perspectiva como regia gringa.

Estás leyendo el 2.º capítulo. (02/10/2025)

La muerte es un aspecto fascinante de la cultura mexicana; un ejemplo del absurdismo para manejar nuestra realidad. Pero se manifiesta en nuestro arte y en nuestras vidas más como un personaje que como un evento inevitable. Se puede examinar este fenómeno de la muerte mexicana a través de nuestro querido Día de los Muertos, o la figura La Catrina, primera pintada por Jose Guadalupe Posada y popularizada como es ahora por Diego Rivera, es ahora un símbolo icónico conocido en todo el mundo, con desfiles y películas que celebran la vida futura con esta dama elegante. Pero a su raíz, sirve como recordatorio para protestar las condiciones de los que viven en pobreza y festejar raíces indígenas. Sin embargo, hay otro tipo de celebración y absurdismo sobre la vida futura: las Calaveras Literarias. Típicamente, se enseña en la secundaria y hay competencias estudiantiles para practicar este estilo de poesía clásico. Es una manera de escribir sobre críticas sociales o de sátira con ritmo y rima, tal vez como los dichos. Hay muchos ejemplos famosos, pero quise incluir mi propio. Si te gustaría celebrar el Día de los Muertos conmigo, te animo a intentar crear tu propia calavera. Es como si fuera un haiku, pero más parodia. Explorar este medio me ha ayudado a conectar con mi cultura, y le doy las gracias a mi Nona Abuela por inspirar este análisis.

Hermana duerme La Muerte

Mariana duerme todo el dia

Su rutina se mantiene asi, sencilla

Pasa las horas en su cama

Sus siestas crean fama

La calaca, gran dama

Admira su pasion

Y al mirarla le da sueño a la muerta misma

¡Mariana calma su corazón!

Patterns

Again, Again, and Again
Each day the same
Stare outside notice the sky, the birds, and the sun
Knowing it is there everyday
The pattern repeating

Again, again, and again
The same pattern of life
Rise, act, and lie down again
Just as birds sing their melody, we are bound to a similiar rhythm

When you listen you'll hear that everything
is.
A pattern all intertwined into the same
pattern

Forced to live the same day
The same pattern

Escaping her Carapace

This isn't the revelation of a life wasted on fears and pale-faced terror
despite that they all told her to be afraid

And although her story may end in a way that appeals not to your heart
but instead to the starving infernal ground

She never said goodbye
until after she was gone

Her body was unmelting
in the world of candles and fire that surrounded her

For a while she was eternal,
alas not everlasting

They found her draped in a thin linen envelope
with a wax seal in the shape of a heart

She held no secret love letter inside
or cursive for a darling on her back

It was obvious she was a mere step on the stairs
that could only be found in purgatory

But the intentions of her existence were more discreet

The sangre on her heart proved she was meant to be opened
and it spilled over like red wine

As the limitless ichor ran away from her cold skin
it sauntered like ink betraying its quill

Slowly escaping from her carapace
lingering to keep the circulatory slave moving

But no tell-tale heart could avenge her
and she didn't care

Her letter was finally delivered
This isn't the revelation of a life wasted on fears and pale-faced terror

Barrel Pump

Emily Lilly

inksplash

EAT THE
Bugs don't discriminate. Why should we?
RICH

His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as
God! His
of muscles
beneath; his hair
lustrous black
flowing; hi
pearly whi
luxuria
more
that
se
the same
ur as
n-white
ets in w
they were
set, his s
plexion and
black lips.
THE CREATURE

KA
NM

fangirl RELAPSE REVOLUTION

Laurmau is Laurance x Aphmau, a Minecraft Roleplay ship.
(1) This ship sunk a long time ago and will never be canon.
(2) I haven't watched a new Aphmau video since 2018
(3) the last time I drew Laurmau before the incident was 7th grade. & (4) I'm a senior in college now.

So TELL ME WHY THE LAURMAU BRAINROT VIRUS HAS COME BACK WITH A BITING VENGEANCE? Why hath he revealed thyself to not only have faked his death, but to have merely been dormant? Why did no one warn me that you could get fangirl relapse for media you haven't engaged with in years? And why did no one tell YOU that I'm not even mad about it?

Yeah, that's right. This ship is bananas, B-A-N-A-N-A-S. I can't even answer what the reason is for how I got dragged by my hair and chucked back into the depths of fandom hell at my big age, but I also think maybe the point isn't to dissect the "how." I think when it comes to tumbling (or relapsing) into passions, the beauty of it is in the "what the eff do I do with this." Had this ambushed me at a different time in my life, I'm sure I wouldn't have indulged - it's cringe, I haven't even seen any of the content past 2018 and I have no interest so why would I join the fandom just to mope about the old days, I'm too old for this, I don't even like drawing unless I have to, it's MInecraft bruh, etc. It's comically easy to craft ways to talk yourself out of something. But if you nurture that little fandom freak, you might find that even if its shell looks pretty "cringe," there's nothing shameful at all about the beast inside. Underneath the ugly visage of openly enjoying something with reduced aura is just earnestness (the greatest aura buff of them all).

Now, the chances that my dying OTP will ignite the same fire in your heart that it did for mine in Big 2025 are slim. But the odds are in my favor when I wager that there's something that makes you glow and sparkle inside that you didn't choose - could be weird, silly, the most unexpected thing. That's the beauty of it. I think that if something moves you and if something makes your soul feel all shiny and new, it doesn't matter if the thing inspiring you isn't "serious" or more respectable. Who GAF BRO!!! If it gets you creating, dreaming, talking, dreaming, feeling excitement, feeling alive again - that's dopeness. You can't force a muse to make sense. Sometimes it's Imagine Dragons that makes you feel hopeful enough to get out of bed. Sometimes it just spawns in as Minecraft people kissing crazy style and suddenly you have Tumblr 100 tumblr tabs open, 3 new Pinterest boards, 3 new hobbies, one missed assignment and a new axitement for life. Please nurture the things that make your soul feel inspired, even if it's not cool. ESPECIALLY if it's not cool. Stay dope, young creative. And also draw Laurmau fanart and slip it under my door it makes me happy

10 365 1,754

LAURMAU?
please just kiss guys it's been 10 years
spoon bloom
PHOENIX DROP HIGH SCHOOL
in my 2025?
more likely than you'd think!

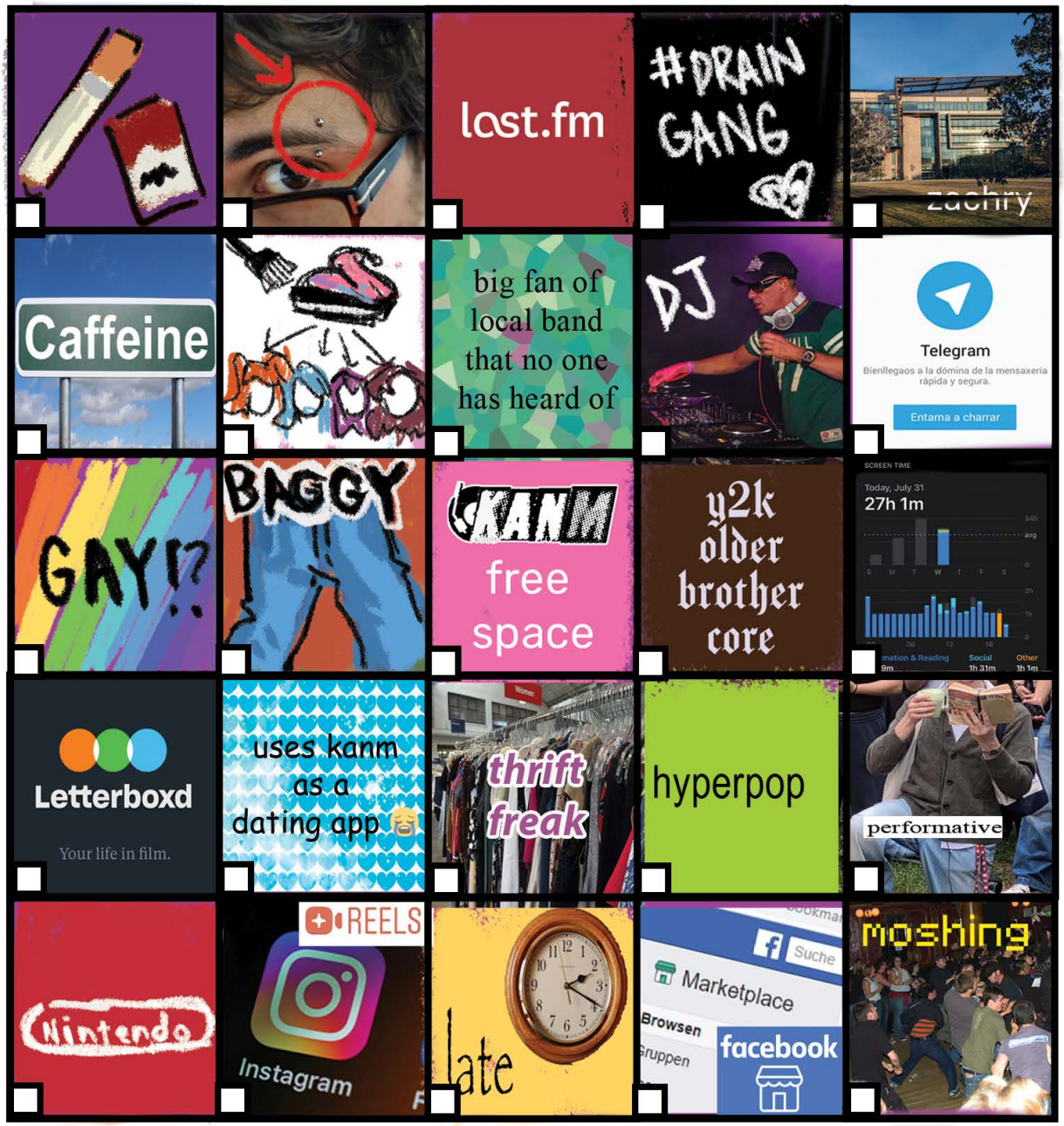
wdywt?

purple & green virus edition

How to Check if You Are John KANM

After conducting some rigorous research, our team has created a foolproof, 25 square bingo grid that is compromised of the ingredients that make up John KANM, aka what science says is the perfect manifestation of the Average KANMer. How much do YOU have in common with John KANM? Fill out the bingo below. Feel free to use the little white squares in the corner of each bingo space to check off the spaces that YOU share with John KANM.

If you get 25/25, you just might be THE John Kanm. The Chosen One. The REAL Station Manager....



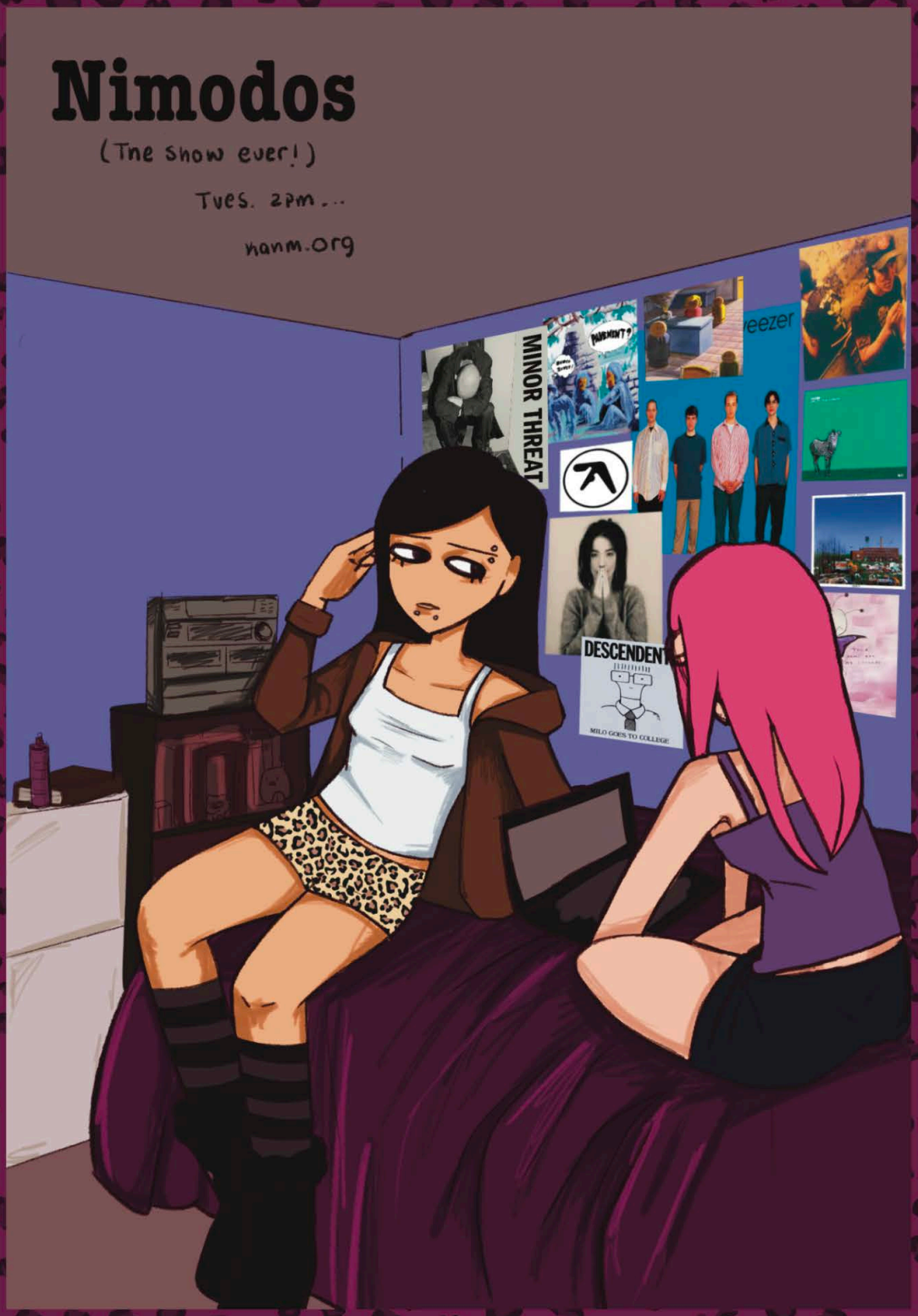
My **.affinity** with John Kanm is _____ out of 25. ♥

TEMPERANCE

FRUCTUS SPIRITUS
καρπός του πνεύματος
פרי הרוח
Fruto del espiritu
木精霊の果実
米精神的果子

BY SOPHIE STOWELL

I
can
feel
the
SOIL
FALLING
over
my
HEAD
- The Smiths


Nimodos
(The show ever!)
Tues. 2pm...
nanm.org
MINOR THREAT
PAVEMENT?
eezer
DESCENDENT
MILO GOES TO COLLEGE

Where in the World is
We love you Alex G
Alex G
Answer: Everywhere...

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF COWJOY

A Message from the Principal

Dear Students, what an incredible time it has been these past five seasons. It's been incredibly busy but so rewarding as many of our students have continued to achieve, grow, and tune in. My hope is that as you reflect on the past in this yearbook, you will also keep moving forward with pursuing your dreams to change the world for better.

With great admiration & much love,

Principal Conjoy

Class of 2025 Valedictorian

DEAR CLASS OF 2025,

HOWDY AND WELCOME TO THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES. MY LISTENERS ARE IN MY HEART WHEREVER I GO. THE AGILITY TO PLATFORM MY EXPERIENCES IN SUCH A RICH, PASSED DOWN MEDIUM TRULY WARMS MY SPIRIT. SOMETIMES YOU WILL NEVER KNOW THE VALUE OF A MOMENT UNTIL IT BECOMES A MEMORY. CHERISH IT ALL, AND GO FORTH INTO THE FUTURE.

-JM

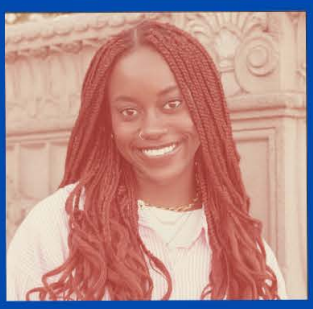
Joy Mirembe Bayita Mpagi

Most Likely to become a Radio DJ

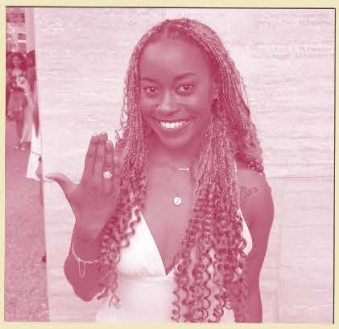
THROUGH THE YEARS...

fall 2023

SPRING 2024



FALL 2024



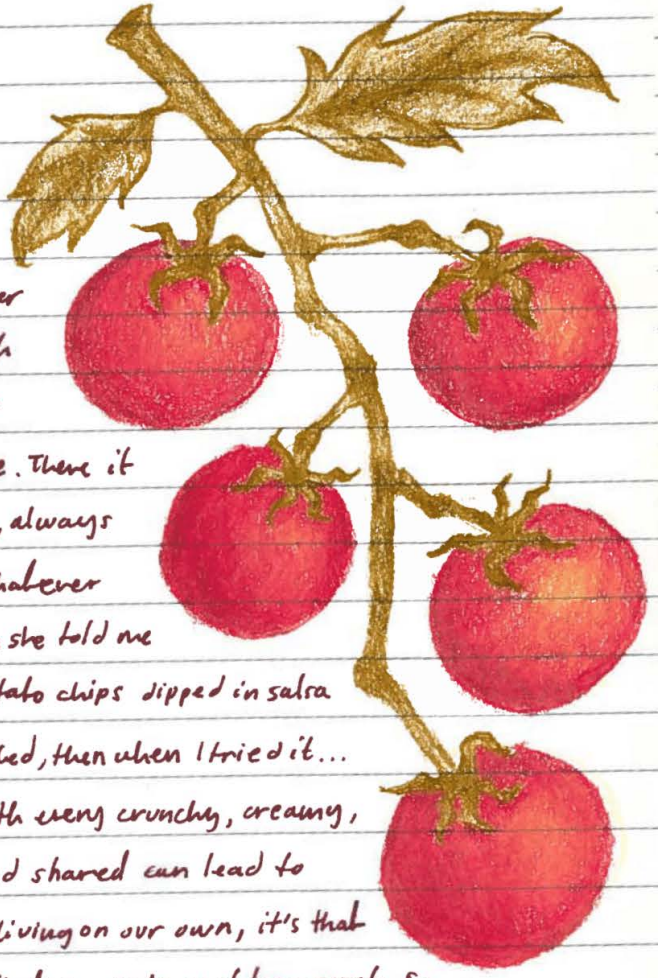
Spring 2025

FALL 2025

KANMEMORIES

I <3 MMR
@ 7PM on fridays :P
with
DJ HOTDOGGIE
on KANM.ORG!!!
@hotdoggie

Salsa With Chips & Salsa



When our Tía Ina moved in with us, she didn't just bring her goofy sayings — she brought with her a salsa so simple, so steady, it quickly became a fixture in our fridge. There it was always in the same glass jars, always ready to bring a little flavor to whatever was on the table. I remember when she told me to try the concoction she made, potato chips dipped in salsa and cottage cheese. At first I laughed, then when I tried it... I never questioned her again. With every crunchy, creamy, spicy bite, she taught us that food shared can lead to new horizons. Now that we're living on our own, it's that salsa-shaped hole in the fridge that reminds us of her most. So now, we try to recreate it, chasing that same spark she brought into our home. Gracias Tina, por enseñarnos que lo simple también puede ser especial. Te amamos. ♥

— Alan and Jimena Garcia from Chips and Salsa*

* Tune in to KANM.org Thursdays at 10am for Chips & Salsa, the best Latin American radio show in Aggieland

Tina's Salsa

- Roma Tomatoes
- Jalapeños
- Garlic Salt
- Ziploc Bag

Add equal parts tomato and jalapeño into the ziplock bag and microwave for ~4 min. Carefully transfer hot contents from the ziplock bag into a blender and chop on a pulse, add garlic salt to taste. Store in an airtight container in fridge.

the goat (1)

A COLLECTION

rambles and art philosophies.

art. : emotion through a medium.

something over nothing. quality over everything.

the medium is the message.

you are not a conduit for art, art is a vessel for human experience. art is transcendent in this way. although transcendent in ability to communicate, we must stress the accessibility of art. we must connect art back to human experience, back to human connection. art must not be remitted to a separate realm, one where only those deemed ‘artists’ can engage with creation, we all must create. the 'artist' may have a quote-on-quote normal reason to do what they do, but this does not take away from their art action, such as stoking the coals of an untamable flame, the product of the artistically engaged individual is not always seen for its esthetic value (mainly due to the market for which it is designed).

"the fault, however, is oftentimes not so much with the worker as with the conditions of the market for which it is designed. were conditions and opportunities different, things as significant to the eye as those produced by earlier craftsmen would be made." - john dewey

the way we conceptualize art is limited by the medium itself. we place value on classics and remove them from the human conditions they were made in. examine your condition. we are here. now. so create. make art.

- why do you want to dance?

~ why do you want to live?

art and experience.

- leo

# of Antiques

best songs ever

Carey

- beautiful folk song, the pillowy vocal harmonies, nuanced themes of longing and homesickness, perfection.

Crying Laughing Loving Lying

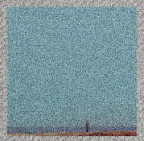
- so much said with the slight change of one line, genius songwriting.

Enchanted Mirror

- music should transport you to another world, allow yourself to exist THERE, now, today.

Prom / King

- best story telling hip-hop song.



These Chains

- climactic. this song takes it there and back and then takes it further.

Pride

- i'm floating. maybe i wasn't there.

DID I DRAW
UR EVIL EX?
Elol

MAYBE.....
they're over HERE!

WHAT MAJOR YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN

from a.R.

1. GROUP PROJECT TIME! WHAT ROLE TO TAKE ON?

- ☐ micromanager - CREATE A SHARED FOLDER AND ASSIGN ROLES go to Q2
- ☐ senioritis - "WE SHOULD MEET" BUT GHOSTS THE GROUP CHAT go to Q3
- ☐ Forget-Me-... YOU DON'T REMEMBER REGISTERING FOR THIS CLASS... go to Q4
- ☐ Ambiance Selector - HAS A MUSIC PLAYLIST READY AND SAYS WE SHOULD MEET IN THE LOWER LEVEL OF THE MSC go to Q5

2. ~~DREAM GUEST ON YOUR PODCAST?~~ IN YOUR DREAM JOB, YOU...

- ☐ ARE TEACHING SOMEBODY WHILE SURVIVING SOLELY ON CAFFEINE TO GET THROUGH THE WORK DAY → YOU GOT T!
- ☐ MANAGE PEOPLE WHO MANAGE OTHERS (BECAUSE YOUR EGO NEEDS THAT) → YOU GOT B!

3. YOU NEED PRESSURE TO GET ANYTHING DONE BECAUSE...

- ☐ YOU PHYSICALLY CANNOT START ANYTHING UNTIL THE DUE DATE IS SUB 3 HOURS → YOU GOT E!
- ☐ YOU'RE CHAOTIC BUT IN THE "GO-WITH-THE-FLOW" WAY THAT EVERYONE KNOWS IS BECAUSE YOU CAN'T ORGANIZE YOUR SCHEDULE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE → YOU GOT C!

4. WHAT'S THE REASON YOU CRY YOURSELF TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT?

- ☐ SOCIAL NORMS ARE VERY STRESSFUL AND YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM AND YOU NEED A BREAK FROM SOCIETY → YOU GOT M!
- ☐ YOU HAVE AN ITCH FOR A CONVERSATION BUT THE ONLY PERSON LEFT TO TALK TO IS YOURSELF, SO YOU HURT YOUR OWN FEELINGS IN THE PROCESS → YOU GOT P!

5. WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO EXPRESS YOURSELF?

- ☐ INTERPRETIVE DANCE AND A SLIDE SHOW (THAT YOU SHOW OFF TO YOUR FRIENDS EVERY CHANCE YOU GET) → YOU GOT V!
- ☐ MEMES AND MONOLOGUES, BECAUSE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR OPINION? → YOU GOT G!

HERE'S WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN

B. BUSINESS. IF YOU ARE A CURRENT STEM MAJOR, AT LEAST YOU'L INCREASE THE AVERAGE IQ OF BOTH DEPARTMENTS ONCE YOU SWITCH!

C. COMMUNICATIONS. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO DO, AND I COULDN'T TELL YOU EITHER. AT LEAST YOU HAVE THAT ONE GROUP CHAT - YOU KNOW WHICH ONE...

E. ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING. IT'S EASIER THAN MATH AND PHYSICS, TRUST. YOU WILL NEVER TRUST MATH OR PHYSICS AGAIN, TRUST.

G. WOMEN'S AND GENDER STUDIES MAJOR. YOU ANALYZE EVERYTHING ABOUT POP CULTURE. PLUS, THERE'S FEW JOB ASPECTS AVAILABLE AND IT'S NOT LIKE YOU WANT TO WORK A REAL JOB ANYWAYS

M. MATHEMATICS. YOU SPECIALIZE IN PROVING THINGS NOBODY ASKED FOR AT 2:17 AM AND FEEL MORALLY SUPERIOR ABOUT IT.

P. PHILOSOPHY. YOUR FAVORITE ANSWER IN LIFE IS "IT DEPENDS."

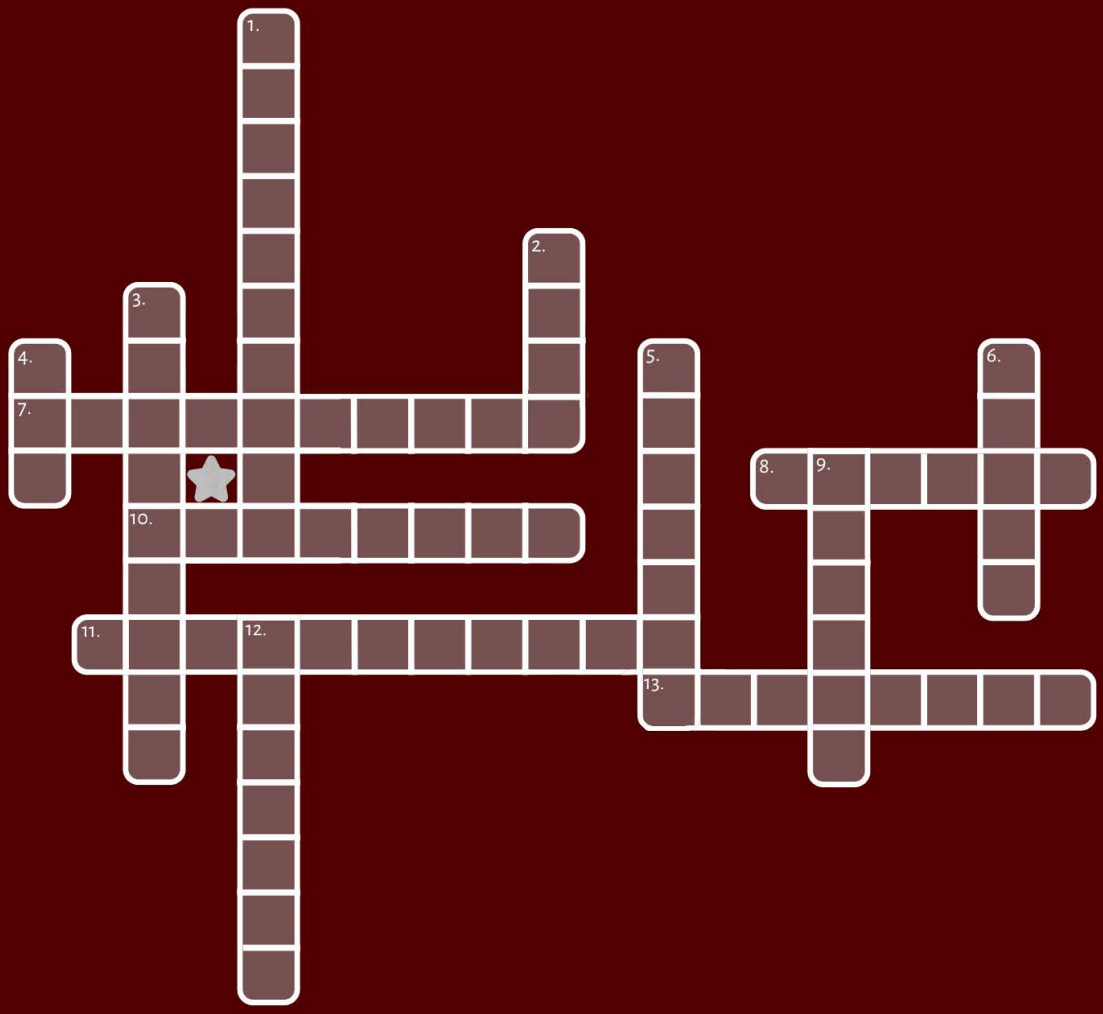
T. EDUCATION. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY SEE A THERAPIST. DON'T TRAUMA BOND WITH YOUR ~~KIDS~~ STUDENTS.

V. PERFORMANCE AND VISUAL STUDIES. YOU HAVE A NEED TO ROMANTICIZE YOUR SUFFERING AND MAKE AN AESTHETIC OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

DO NOT DROP OUT YET

SWITCH MAJORS AND SPEND MORE MONEY INSTEAD!

AN AGGIE CROSSWORD



DOWN

1. The building that's A/C never works
2. A show of dislike
3. Home of the Aggies
4. Home of KANM Student Radio
5. The building they put history classes in for some reason
6. When they call your class year
9. The name for A&M students
12. Aggies are the _____ man!

ACROSS

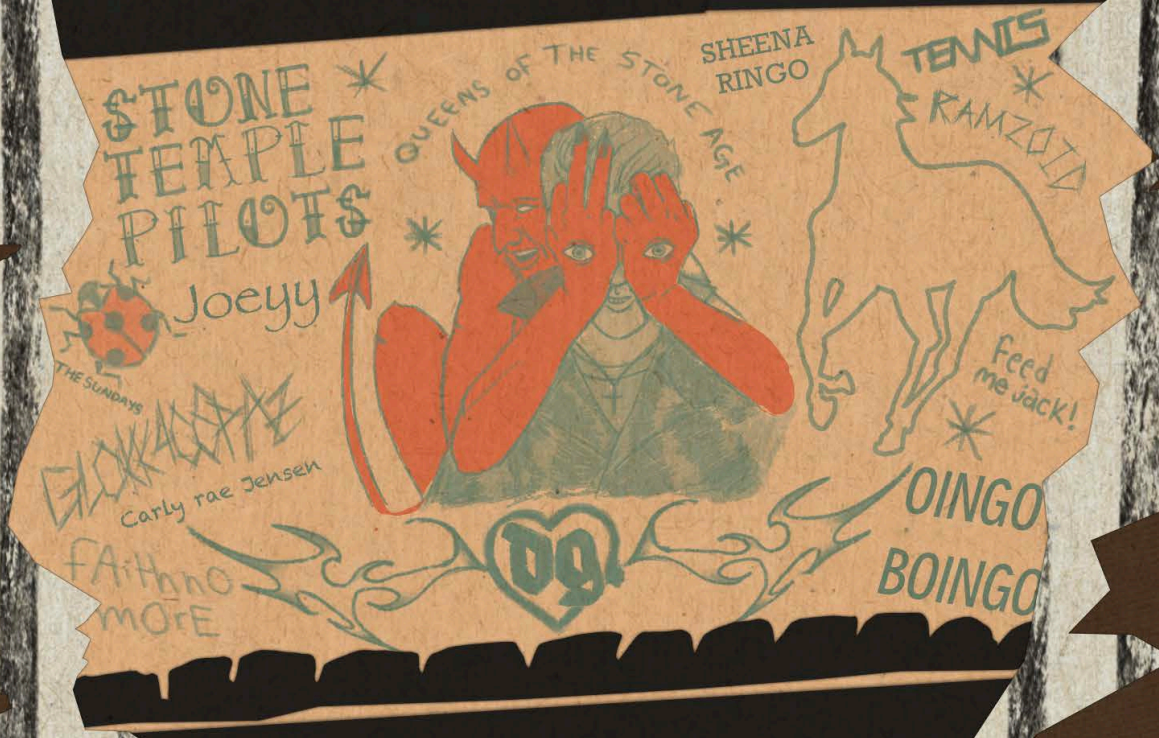
7. First Tuesday of every month
8. The official A&M school color
10. An off-the-grid freshman bonding tradtion
11. Only walk under here if you plan on marrying them
13. The official campus canine

SAVE
THE
MUSIC
SPRING 2025

KAUM

FALL 2025

FAV ARTISTS



Noah Kahan
xoxo

Selena is @notdaffie